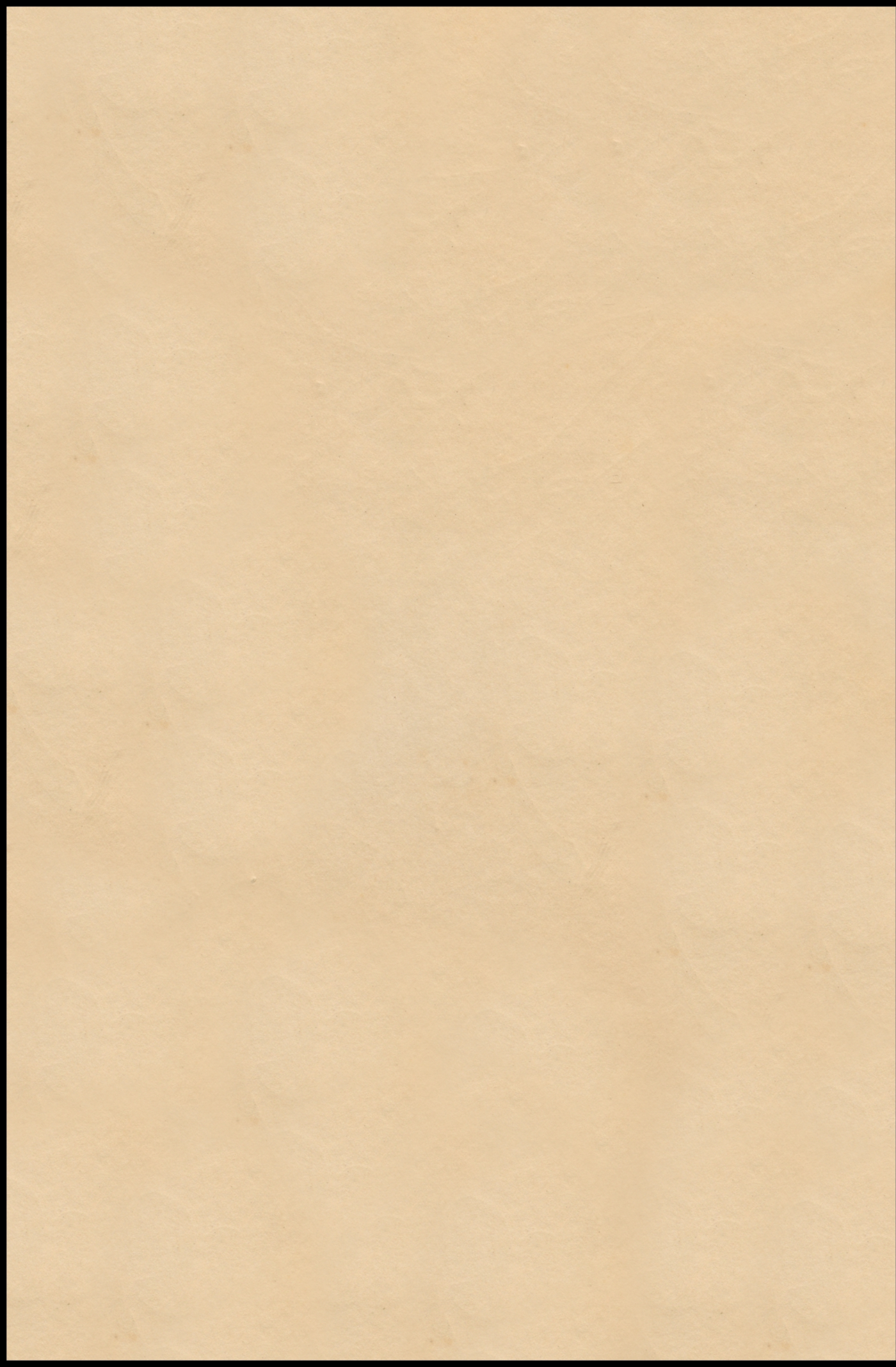
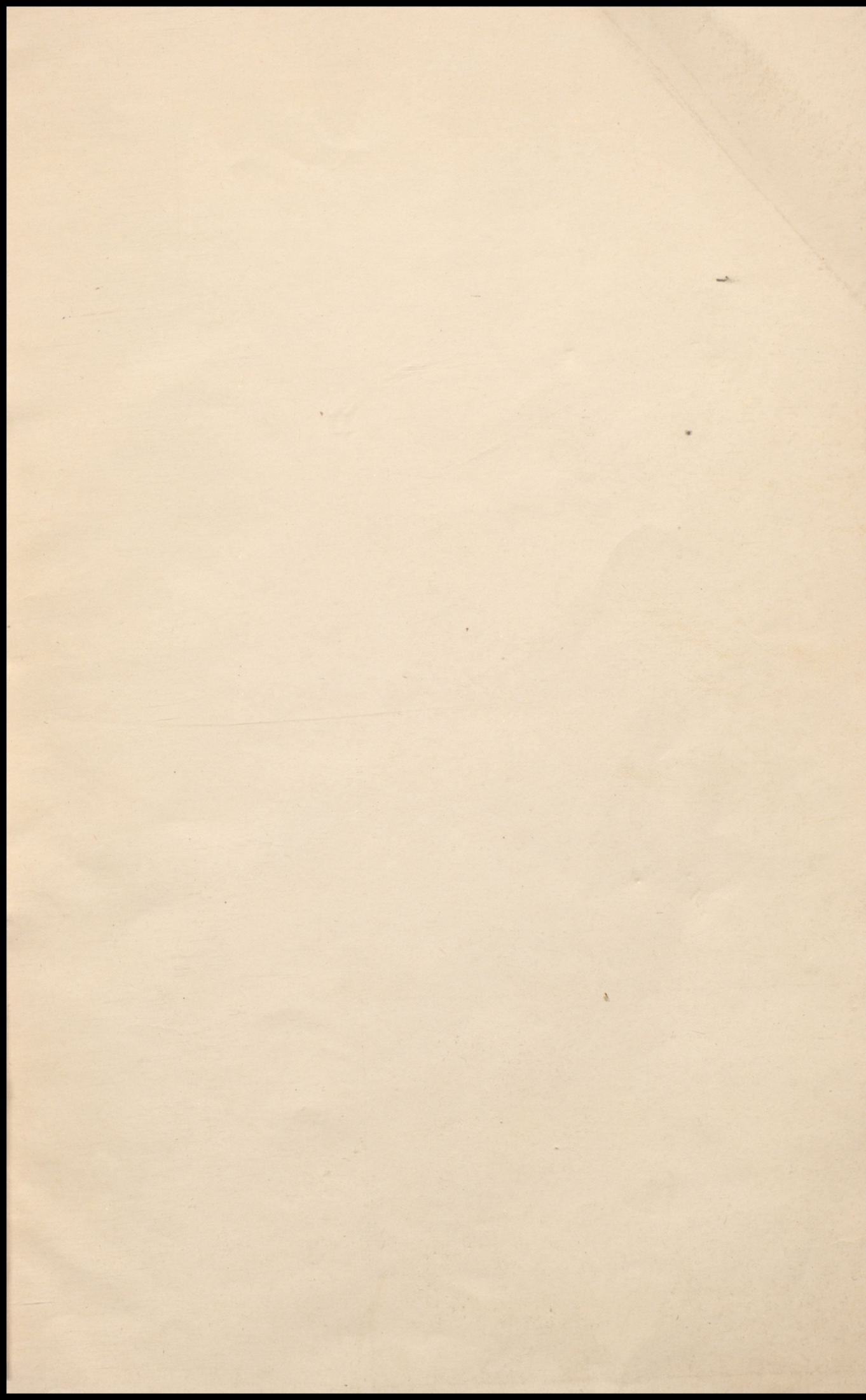


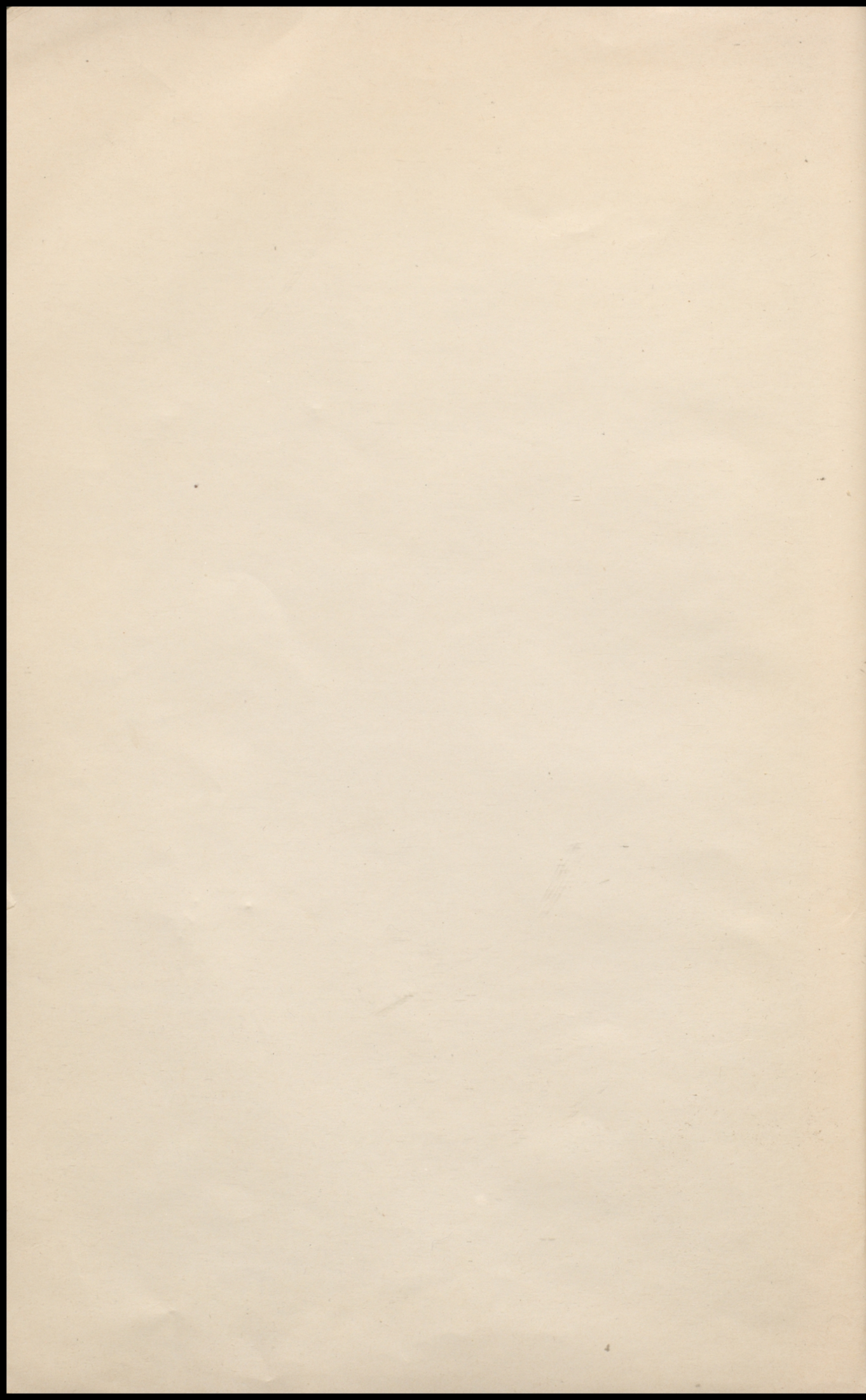


The Acorn

June 1909







The Acorn

Commencement
Number

Published by
Class of
June '09
A. H. S.

With Sincere
Thanks to Our
Advertisers

To

Dr. Thompson and the Faculty

In recognition of their
interest in our behalf, we,
the Class of June, 1909,
dedicate this "Acorn"

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Class
of
June
1909



Alfred Geldermann
President



Marion Troy
Vice-President



Mary de Witt
Secretary



Irma Foveaux
Treasurer



Byard Sharp



Harriet Figg



Emile Bruzzone



Margaret Pewtress



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Dorothy K. Clarke



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Harold Thomas



Margaret Grove



Glen G. Hahn



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John Siegfried



Ella Chaplin



Timothy C. Perkins



Letty Collins



Ethel Murray



Marion Peter



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Stephanie Snow



Margaret M. Kenny
Editor-in-Chief

Horace M. Woolley, Jr.
Manager

Portraits
by
Bushnell

Class History

It was in August, four years ago, that the Class of June, '09, entered the High School and began to hold, in its own opinion at least, a very dignified and important position.

We entered school under the name of the Sub-Junior A Class. We passed through a rather uneventful year and became Juniors. In the last half of our second year the baseball team, in which we were represented by Alfred Geldermann on second base, brought home the cup.

In our third year the names of the classes were changed. In place of the "Sub-Juniors," "Juniors," "Middlers," and "Seniors," there were the "Freshmen," "Sophomores," "Juniors," and "Seniors." So for a second year we bore the name of "Juniors."

In the spring of 1908 the class organized, electing for its officers the following: President, Alfred Geldermann; Vice-President, Margaret Pewtress; Secretary, Heath Angelo; Treasurer, Irma Foveaux. In our Low Senior term the officers were: President, Marion Troy; Vice-President, Kenneth Abbott; Secretary, Ethel Murray; Treasurer, Irma Foveaux. The officers in the High Senior term are: President, Alfred Geldermann; Vice-President, Marion Troy; Secretary, Mary de Witt; Treasurer, Irma Foveaux.

In the fall of 1908 a very successful dance was given in honor of the Class of December, '08. It was managed by Alfred Geldermann. The decoration committee was composed of Marion Troy, Mary de Witt, Margaret Pewtress, Timothy Perkins, John Siegfried and Byard Sharp. It was also in this term that the Alameda High School captured the football cup after a long and hotly contested struggle. Again we were represented on a winning team, John Siegfried, Emile Bruzzone and Alfred Geldermann being members.

Now our last year is coming to a close, and, although we look toward the future with pleasant anticipation, we cannot but feel sorry to end our four happy and prosperous years.

What the Oaks Say

What are the oak trees saying?

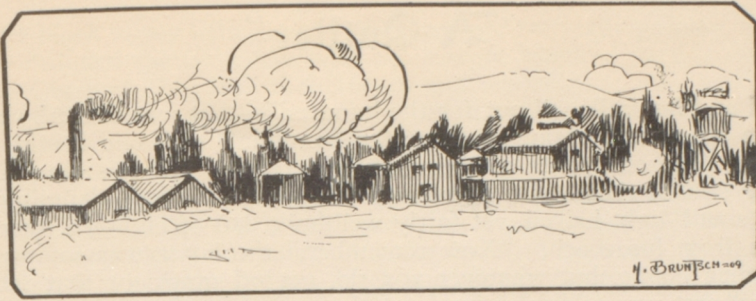
A wonderful tale of the years;
A tale of the strong and mighty
Nor moistened by sighs nor tears.

Be brave, be strong, be valiant,
Nor fear thee, friend nor foe;
Let thy course be ever upward
Though the progress seem but slow.

For he who would do things worthy
Must knit him a solid frame;
No mushroom heir of the ages
Has place in the halls of fame.

But slowly and silently growing,
'Mid storm and stress and stroke,
This is the great man's virtue
That he learns from the growth of the oak.

M.



Literary

"A Quitter"

"Third and last call; all out for the hundred"—that was the call that echoed through the spacious dressing-room at the Franklin Oval, one bright afternoon late in May. The occupants of the room were many, but this story only deals with one or two of them. On a rubbing table, with his legs dangling over the edge, sat a small, light-haired, yet fairly well-built, lad of eighteen, receiving last instructions from his coach. "Now remember," the latter was saying, "get off quick and then hustle, but whatever you do, get off quick, or that fellow from Marshall will get you. He's a dandy at the quarter and two-twenty, but you'll get him in the hundred if you get that start right; and remember, every point counts today."

A few moments later the starter stood behind a line of ten lithe young fellows, among whom was Dave Blake of Grinnell. "On your marks! Get set!" and bang

went the gun, and ten forms left the marks as one; that is, nine of them did, and the tenth beat them off about a yard and a half, and gained steadily until the seventy-five yard mark, and then gradually slowed down and did not finish, but turned back toward the dressing-room, and, as he encountered his coach, gave the simple explanation, "I beat the pistol," and received hardly a glance in return and but one word, "quitter." He bit his lip to keep back some angry retort and continued his way to the dressing-room and donned his regular clothes once more, "a failure."

Later in the afternoon, Blake saw all his team mates gathered around the captain and the coach, and, summoning his courage, he joined the group in time to hear the coach say, "Now, if we can win that relay, we win the meet; if we lose it, we lose, and it's ten points, you know."

"But who's going to run that last lap?" answered the captain. "I can't; I'll be all in by then; a half, a quarter, and two-

twenty heats and finals, and the final next to the relay."

"Then, who is there who can keep ahead of that fellow Allan? He's got the 'rep' of being the best relay man in the State." He looked the team over carefully, and at last his eyes lighted on Dave Blake. "Can you, Dave?" he added; "but no, you can hardly last a two-twenty, to say nothing of a three-fifty-two." "I'll try if you say so," came his answer; "and I'll show you about that 'quitter,' too"—this last under his breath.

"Well, there is no one else, so I guess I'll have to let you, and we'll try to give you a good lead, won't we, fellows?"

But when the last event approached and Marshall was still three points in the lead of Grinnell, things did not look very bright. The relay started, and when the first four laps were gone and the fifth started, Dave found that, instead of a lead, that he had a loss of six yards to make up.

Up on the bleachers, where the green and white of Marshall waved, everything was joyous, for was not Allan the best man of them all, and with a lead of six yards; why, Mercury himself could not catch him; they had the day won right then and there. But when they looked once more on the track and saw that



boy with the black upper with the red stripe across, gradually gaining foot by foot, until, as he rounded the last curve with but a scant hundred yards to run, he was barely a yard behind, they held their breath and waited.

Down on the track Grinnell's man was filled with conflicting emotions. That wonderful burst of speed had taken the strength out of him, and he was wondering whether it was best to round that curve, and try to finish, or just naturally roll off the curve and sleep. But at this critical stage one word came burning across his brain—"quitter." The coach had called him a quitter and still trusted him for this. Then his eyes cleared a trifle and, as he rounded the curve, he saw that part of the grandstand where the red and black waved, and remembered then that there he held hearts, and hopes, and desires of revenge for last year in his keeping, and he fancied he saw one face in particular watching him, and fancied he could hear her, "O Dave! Dave!" And right then and there he determined to show at least one person that he was not a quitter, and so he determined to finish.

As they rounded the curve into the straightaway, he clinched his teeth and fists and put all his attention to raising his knees as high and as fast as possible, and kept his eyes fastened on that spot across which he knew that slender white tape was stretched. Almost before he realized, he was near it, only two or three strides away, and then he heard the roar of the crowd, and felt rather than saw that he and his opponent were running neck-and-neck, and so summoning every ounce of strength he possessed he made one frantic effort, and then everything turned black. He did not see or feel the tape break across his breast, nor his schoolmates throng the track to lift him on their shoulders, only to be motioned back by the coach. He did not even know he had won the relay and the cup for his school.

When he woke up some minutes later, he only knew he was tired, oh, so tired and weak, and that the coach was bending over him saying, "I'll take it all back, Dave; you're no 'quitter'; you're the gamest lad that ever put on a pair of spikes."

TIMOTHY PERKINS, '09.

When Kings Pass By

In the year of grace December, 1667, a coach was to be seen drawn up before the inn of the Sign of the Red Swan, upon Hampton Road, leading to London. It was a cold, sharp winter's night, and the broad fields on each side of the road stretched white and gray away in the distance. No moon was visible, yet its hidden light threw the old inn and the coach into sharp relief. Through the windows of the inn the cheery light fell upon the snow, burnishing the Sign of the Red Swan which hung above the door, and made the wet flanks of the steaming horses glisten.

To the only occupant of the coach the delay was unbearable, heartrending. Why must the stupid fellow stop at every inn (in sooth he had only stopped at two), and cause her, Mistress Elizabeth Harcourt, to wait out here on the high-road, while perhaps Richard was dying of that horrid wound? She unconsciously shuddered. Finally, goaded by impatience, she peered out the coach door.

There in the doorway of the Red Swan stood the old coach driver of Harcourt Manor talking and joking with the jovial inn-keeper, so unconcernedly that Elizabeth could have screamed with rage. But Elizabeth Harcourt knew better than that. She must remember she was going to visit the dear aunt, and not to the arms of Richard Neville (she did not know that one of those arms was now suspended in a sling). Besides, if Thomas should suspect, he would drive her immediately back to Harcourt Manor to await the coming of Lady Harcourt. Elizabeth shuddered again and withdrew into the corner of the coach, pulling her

cloak about her. She must be calm, dignified; but even then impatience raged strong within her.

It seemed as if ages passed, and then finally she heard the coachman mount the box. A hearty God-speed was sent out across the snow, a whip cracked, and the coach rumbled away. From within the coach came a sigh of relief.

Elizabeth looked at the fleeting white expanse, and thought only of Richard. Beyond that he was banished and wounded, and that she was going to share his exile, nothing more did she know. But these facts seemed all so trifling in comparison with their love. Yes, they would be happy. In ecstasy her eyes grew wonderfully soft, and, clasping her little hands beneath her cloak, she murmured, "O Richard, when you and I——"

The coach gave a lurch, came to a sudden stop, and Elizabeth was thrown violently against the opposite side. Startled at the sudden rude return to earth, she gazed confusedly about her, and then recovering herself, opened the coach door and putting her head out exclaimed, womanlike, "Oh, Thomas, what is the matter?"

The coach had broken down, and Mistress Elizabeth Harcourt must be forced to wait alone upon the lonesome highroad until the exasperated Thomas could ride to wake and fetch a blacksmith to mend my lady's coach. Oh, ye Gods, how often do you seem perverse in the affairs of love!

* * * * *

Any traveler who chanced to pass at that time would have smiled inwardly, if not outwardly, on seeing the coach in a bank of snow minus both a wheel and horse, with its dignified occupant sitting as prim as possible. But Elizabeth was far from regarding her position as amusing. Grave fears crowded her mind.

"Oh, I wish the old fellow would come!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "He is so slow. I wonder if he is coming?" She looked down the road, but no one was visible. The tension was becoming great. She must look again. Down the road a lone horseman, the one black spot in all the white landscape, was riding slowly. Was it Thomas, and had he failed to bring the blacksmith? Her heart was wrung with anxiety. Leaning far out the coach window, she strained her eyes. The muffled traveler was not Thomas, but a stranger.

Hastily she withdrew her head and sat bolt upright in the seat and awaited the coming of the —. Who and what could he be? Perhaps he was a highwayman. Involuntarily she felt of the little bag of jewels near her heart. Yes, they were safe, but how rapidly her heart was beating. She would be outwardly resolute. If he were a questionable character, she would command him in dignified tones to depart and not to disturb her. But with all her determination and apparent self-control, she was ashamed to call herself a little coward. How she wished Richard were with her! Her worst fears were realized when she was conscious of some one peering in the coach door. Elizabeth kept her eyes straight ahead.

She indeed made a striking picture. Her big cloak was unfastened, revealing her delicately chiseled profile against the vivid scarlet of the coach. The masses of rich brown hair which had escaped the guardianship of her hood rippled tantalizingly about her face. Yet her mien was not haughty, cold, or forbidding. Under the droop of silken lashes one could see the soft brown eyes, with their expression of tenderness and trust. In the moonlight her skin was almost of an ivory whiteness. One hand lay listless in her lap, the other, which bore the ring of Richard's giving, had sought the protection of her cloak. Not even the lace upon her bosom betrayed the wild beatings of her heart, but lay quiet against the firm white throat.

Still, the dark eyes at the window devoured her greedily. Who could the blackguard be who stared at her so rudely? When would he speak?

"By heavens, woman, you are beautiful!" exclaimed the unknown. "I could almost kiss you."

"Sir," returned Elizabeth, turning with dignity; "you forget you are a gentleman." The man flushed hotly, and then burst out, "But you are beautiful, and I will kiss you."

"Sir, in the name of honor, I demand you to leave me. If you do not, I will——" In vain Elizabeth sought for a threat. She was alone and helpless. Surely this courteous appearing horseman would not hurt her. In her terror she tugged at the opening coach door. At this the man flushed again, and then in a flash, recognizing his own rudeness, slipped from his horse, and, doffing his plumed hat, bowed humbly.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon. I was a brute to frighten you; but you were so beau——" Elizabeth blushed, and then he continued quickly, "You are indeed in a sad plight. Can this humble servant do aught to assist you?"

Elizabeth was now thoroughly overcome. This night's ride, with its perplexities and fears, had almost exhausted her. This last affair had been the climax. The attempted kiss and the offer of assistance now so courteously proffered. She covered her face with her hands and sobbed softly. The man was really distressed with her weeping and disgusted with his own lack of gentility. In dismay he ran his fingers through his dark curls and twirled his mustache. He was not accustomed to such scenes. He was even amazed at himself for enduring it. He, the most worthless profligate in all England, a devoted slave to ennui. Ill at ease, he drew his sword half way and then let it fall quietly back again. Then he broke the stillness.

"Isn't there something I could do for you?" he asked hesitatingly.

Elizabeth, looking through her tears, and observing the earnest look upon his dark, handsome face, answered gently, "Oh, thank you, sir; nothing I am afraid. My coachman will soon be back to fix the wheel." Under her apparent calm the horseman could discern a hidden dread. He wondered if he were the cause.

"I'm very sorry to have frightened you," he said penitently. "Please don't be alarmed. I am just a good-for-nothing merry (so they say) member of the Court going back to London after a badly spent evening at cards." A shadow crossed the man's face as he thought of his former displeasure. Elizabeth looked at him curiously. So this was a member of Charles II's court. She wondered if the King were like him. She wondered if the man knew Richard Neville. She wanted to ask him, but dared not.

Relying on her woman's intuition she commenced talking in a less constrained manner.

"I am to visit an aunt, Lady Worthington. Perhaps she is known to you." A shade of anxiety fretted her brow. "But can you see Thomas, the coachman, coming?"

"Not yet," replied the horseman, looking down the road and turning to the troubled occupant of the coach. "But there *must* be something I can do for you. I might even suggest that I am influential at court." He must unravel the mystery of this midnight ride.

When he spoke of influence, Elizabeth started. Perhaps he could help her. She looked at the man searchingly. It seemed to the silent man that his very soul was hanging in the balance. She turned confidently to him. Encouraged by her expression, he said kindly:

"Have you done something?" he inquired; "that is, something someone might not approve of?"

"Well, no, y-e-s," she stammered; "I am——"

"In love," he whispered. His voice while questioning had an assurance of finality.

"Yes," she murmured, "in love." She lowered her flushed face. For a moment the stone on her finger shimmered and then disappeared.

"But if in love, why in care?" urged her confessor; "who is the cause of this unhappiness?"

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Elizabeth had decided she would tell her secret. He would surely help her. Leaning forward, she almost hissed the words, "The King." The stranger started.

"The King," he echoed in a hollow voice, "The King!"

"Yes, the King!" Elizabeth retorted. "That creature to whom Richard was so loyal and who showed his gratitude by banishing him, sending him to France away from me—from me." And tears fell quickly. The stranger was plainly distressed.

"The King is a fool!" he exclaimed fiercely. "I will see that your Richard has justice." The determination awakened a hope within her breast.

"I must know more," said the man a little sternly. "Who is Richard?"

"Richard Neville," she replied.

The man's face darkened. "Methinks I remember the man. He is also an ardent Roundhead. Such is asserted by the Viscount de Rocheau, and at whose instigation Neville was banished. But now my memory is more clear. The two had a duel and the sniveling Frenchman was wounded, very seriously, so the reports say. Ah, now I see the cause. He will have justice. I'll see to that."

At the name of Rocheau Elizabeth was filled with scorn. She might have known that he would have done this. Yet he was the very man who professed to love her, and whom her mother wished her to marry. So he had fought a duel with Richard, and thus worked out his revenge. What could have caused the duel? In her doubt and anger at these sudden revelations, she clenched her hands. The coward would suffer yet. And to think she had accused her King!

But Elizabeth's anger soon passed. Pity and gentleness welled up in her heart. Trust had proved its mastery. Stretching forth her hand, she said softly, "I, Elizabeth Harcourt, trust all to you. God bless you——" Again she was confused. She did not know the stranger's name.

Smiling, the horseman looked at her. "The King has the honor of your acquaintance, Mistress Harcourt." And he kissed her hand.

GLEN GARDNER HAHN, '09.



The Hogshead Mine

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The bunch were gathered at the shady side of the shack, telling yarns, the sole aim apparently being to stretch the truth the farthest. The talk drifted from hunting, sailing, bee-keeping, to mines, mining and dynamite. Reddy had just finished, with a careful attention to detail that was meant to be convincing, an account of how one day, after lighting a fuse in the bottom of the shaft, he had climbed to the top, to find himself surrounded by a pack of hungry wolves that had chased him back into the shaft, and then had gathered about the mouth waiting for him to reappear, and how, driven to desperation by the sputtering fuse below, he had prepared to go out and fight the aforesaid wolves barehanded, when he accidentally stepped on the fuse and put it out.

This unfortunate ending to what had promised to be a good story evoked nothing but a few regrets that Reddy's feet had been so large, and other remarks of a like nature.

Then old Uncle Jimmy proceeded to tell how the Hogshead mine had been discovered.

"This here dynamite's tricky stuff and acts mighty queer sometimes," he said, "always doing what you don't expect, like a grizzly bear. Back in '84, when I was up at the 'Gold Dust' Mine, the boss one day sent Billy, the teamster, in after supplies. Billy got to town all right, but being very dry after his hot, dusty drive, attempted to corner the local 'licker' market. So when he came to load up, he was too well 'tanked' to notice a box of dynamite along with the other boxes, and instead of putting it under the seat, he piled it on top, yanked a couple of ropes across the whole outfit and pulled out in a hurry.

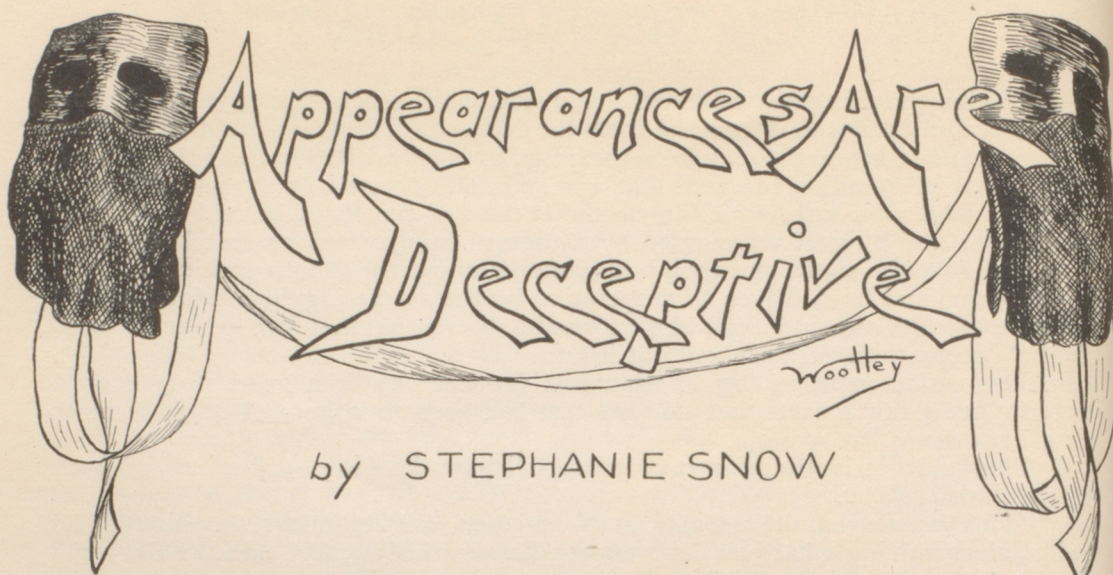
"Things went along all right until one of his ropes worked loose, and the box of dynamite, with enough concentrated devilment in it to wreck a mountain, slid off and fell under the wheels, smashing the box open, and, by some wonderful luck, failed to explode, and Billy drove on in blissful ignorance.

"When he reached the mine, it scared him almost sober when he found what had happened, and the boss sent him back in a hurry to get the dynamite. But meanwhile a bunch of young razor-back hogs had found the box. Now dynamite is made of nitroglycerine, which is sweet, and the hogs, being fond of sweets, had fallen to, and had a magnificent banquet. They had just reached the black coffee stage when Bill appeared. He didn't like hogs, and 'dinged' the nearest one with a rock. Imagine his feelings when, with the bang of a cannon, that hog exploded like an anarchist's bomb. When he got over his astonishment, Billy kind o' liked it, and tried it again. The noise scared the others, and they ran off, but several of them slipped on a steep bank, hit the bottom and disappeared in a cloud of smoke and noise like a thirteen-inch gun. One minute Billy would see a hog, then he'd slip and fall, and there would be no hog. Billy enjoyed himself till one of the hogs got mad and made for him. Poor Billy tried to 'plunk' him with a rock, but missed him twice, then turned and ran as he never did before or since. He had to. Away he went, coat flying, yelling at every jump, with the hog doing his best to catch him. At first Billy headed back to camp, but saw that he could never reach it, and it wouldn't do any good if he did, so he made for a bluff bank over the river.

"Within a yard of the edge he flung himself flat and the hog sailed right by him over the edge, and hit the bottom with an explosion worse than Fourth of July, which ripped a hole like the crater of a young volcano in the rock.

"After a while Billy climbed down and discovered that the explosion had uncovered the richest vein he had ever seen, and he named it the Hogshead Mine right then."

BYARD SHARP, '09.



Appearances Are Deceptive

by STEPHANIE SNOW

Jack, the general favorite of his cowboy associates, and much beloved by young and old alike of the fairer sex, determined that he would plunge into local society. This startling decision was made after receiving an invitation to a masquerade ball to be given by the elite of this so-called town of the far West. The residents were mostly rich cattle-owners, and they had many cowboys and Mexican vaqueros working for them. Life had to be made lively for their sons and daughters, as there were miles between the huge ranches, hence the dance. Jack, being a handsome and dashing young man, had been one of the few corral men invited. At first, he had been in a quandary as to what to wear (his wardrobe being limited). Then—happy thought!—he decided to go as he was, that is, in his best cowboy trappings.

That night, an event in Jack's none too prosaic life, came at last. With all the fringe and buckles dear to his cowboy heart, he was indeed a figure to cause starry eyes to sparkle, pink cheeks to become glowing, and many a maiden's heart to beat faster. His huge silver-trimmed sombrero was set well back on his coal-black curls, his mask was also of somber black. In great contrast was his flaming red silk bandanna tied with a loose knot about his bronzed neck. His rough flannel shirt was double-breasted and gorgeous with its two rows of brass buttons. Then, the pride of his heart, his pistol, polished and gleaming in its open holster at his side. His "chaps," put on over his brand-new corduroys, were a marvel of their kind. They had been given him by an old Indian chief, and had been carefully treasured by Jack. They had a deep fringe of vari-colored leather on either side, and were artistic to the highest degree. These reached to his feet, and his much-prized silver spurs were omitted in this costume, as they would create havoc among the laces and ruffles of his fair partners. Jack felt happy and at ease, and soon he had filled his card with the exception of the last few dances, which he left open, fearing he would have to leave about then, as cattle-branding was on hand the next day and his services were too valuable to permit him to absent himself.

He enjoyed himself to the top of his bent, and had, as he would say, "a rippin' time." He cared no more for one dainty partner than another, and flirted with all alike. They wished, indeed, that he wouldn't, as they were by no means as invulnerable as he. But all things must end. So thus it befell that Jack's unruffled complacency was soon a thing of the past. Before him was his Waterloo. In fact, she was a most bewitching girl. He was ready to surrender completely, a willing captive to her charms—he who had never before been moved by anything in petticoats. Perish the thought!

Twenty-four

She gazed at him, a vision of loveliness. Golden locks peeped under her bonnet. Big blue eyes looked through a pink mask—dimpled arms, graceful figure, small feet and, as Jack thought, every thing adorable. He danced with her. Never before had he felt awkward. To her trivial inquiries, pitched in a low, musical voice, he stuttered incoherent replies, and acted generally like many another man who has tumbled head over heels in love.



The time passed all too quickly, but he knew that it was imperative for him to leave early, so he started for the ranch, though unwillingly. As he rode homeward, the crisp, cool air blew back his curls. He spoke in a soft, coaxing tone to his horse, and she, needing no further goad, galloped willingly on the familiar road. Jack thought of the morrow's work, of the great day of the cattle-branding. Over all the many men he presided as foreman, with Larry Donahue gracing the role as sub-foreman. Larry was Irish, as his name would imply, and a more steady, paintaking fellow never dutifully set foot in stirrup. He plodded slowly but surely about his work, never visited the brown jug too frequently for his own good, and was as honest as the day is long. Jack had to "rustle some" to keep Larry's chances of obtaining the promotion to oversee under the

shadow of his own, for Larry, though crotchety in his ways, was well liked by all. Then, albeit reluctantly, Jack's thoughts returned to the beauty whom he had but recently left. Every bright star seemed to recall Her. The very stillness was eloquent with her presence. And to think he had not seen her face! Oh, was ever mortal so tried? Still he must go on. If he were not present at the ranch bright and early in the morning, he well knew Larry would probably receive a promotion. He, Jack, would be shortly requested to step down and out, as his offenses in the matter of being tardy had been of too frequent occurrence. He had been told as he presented himself, a repentant culprit, that "this time must be the last," and all knew that "Old Peter's" word was final. But still Jack yearned to see her face. He must! He must go back. He could probably get back to the ranch even then if he exerted his energies. Well, it's the same old story everywhere. "When Love and Duty clash, then Duty goes to smash." Jack stopped his horse and then turning him about, dug in the spurs, and in hot haste returned to see my lady's face.

He arrived and stood unseen behind a few standing near the door. Oh what rapture! She stood near him, tugging at her mask, facing his way. Off it came.

* * * * *

Did ever Love's young dream have more cruel awakening? Did ever the Sun of reality dispel the rosy mists of Fancy with more unkind abruptness? His darling, the idol of his heart, was none other than young "Sissy" Pollock, so-called, although he was known to his mother as Algernon Montmorency Pollock!

Horoscope

<i>Name</i>	<i>Nick-Name</i>	<i>Appearance</i>	<i>Besetting Sin</i>	<i>Favorite Occupation</i>
ANGELO, HEATH	"Angel"	Manly	Beautiful hand-writing	Enduring chicken-pox, measles, etc.
ABBOTT, KENNETH ...	"Ken"	Dignified	Studying (?).....	Bluffing
BRUZZONE, EMILE....	"Butch"	Pugnacious	Overstudy	Football
CLARKE, DOROTHY ...	"Dot"	Bostonian	Buttons on her new dress	Stamp-collecting .
COLLINS, LETTY.	"Katisha"	Substantial	Talking	Bluffing
CHAPLIN, ELLA.....	"Chappie"	Demure	Being good	Getting one's.....
DEWITT, MARY.....	"Molasses"	Reserved	Giggling	Rapid talking.....
DAVIS, ALICE	"Yum"	Attractive	Her eyes	Queening
FIGG, HARRIETT.....	"Hat"	Mischievous ..	Cutting up	Studying during recitation periods
FOVEAUX, IRMA	"Boob"	Unsophisticated	Perfect recitations	Collecting class dues
GELDERMANN, ALFRED	"Lurgy"	Jolly	Inertia	Kicking against his marks
GROVE, MARGARET ...	"Mag"	Sentimental ...	Physics	Talking to Gladys
HAHN, GLEN	"Little Glennie"	Thoughtful	Reading	Cramming
KENNY, MARGARET ...	"Ken"	Dimpled	Automobiling	Teaching "German" classes
MARGRAVE, EDMUND ..	"Ned"	Bashful	Being noisy (?)..	Talking to the girls

Horoscope

THE ACORN

<i>Fitting Quotation</i>	<i>Favorite Expression</i>	<i>Appropriate Song</i>	<i>Destiny</i>
"And every inch a gentleman"	"Some class".....	"It's Great to Be a Soldier-man"	Chicken-rancher in Petaluma
"Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow".....	"Oh! I say".....	"Maybe Sometime"...	Stoker in a Trans-Atlantic liner.
"With locks curly as though laid in press".....	—!***!—?—!.....	"My Brother Syl-veste"	Champion heavy-weight.
"What is the butterfly? At best He's but a caterpillar dressed."	"Eureka! I have found it!"	"I'd Love to Have You Love Me"....	Wife of an ambas-sador.
"God helps them that help themselves"	"Who'd a thunk it?"	"Leader of the Ger-man Band"	"Premier dan-seuse."
"And still the wonder grew, That one small head could carry all she knew".....	"Bah Jove!".....	"I Won't Play Unless You Coax Me"....	Mandolin player at the Park Nickel-odeon.
"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on desert air".....	"Oh, say!".....	"Mary Is a Grand Old Name"	Ballet dancer.
"Music hath a charm to soothe the savage beast".....	"Oh! lemon, I jus' hate yuh".....	"I Love You, Truly".	Prima donna.
"Her golden hair was hanging down her back".....	"Listen!"	"Teasing"	Poetess.
"None might gainsay her wisdom"	"That's as far as the lesson ex-tended"	"The Good Comrade"	Woman suffragette
"A little neglect may breed great mischief".....	"Please address the chair".....	"It Looks to Me Like a Big Night Tonight"	Silver-tongued orator.
"Security is mortal's chiefest enemy"	"Oh lands!".....	"My Sailor Boy".....	Clairvoyant.
"If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well"..	"You don't mean it!"	"Dream on, Dear Heart, Dream on".	Novelist.
"For she's a jolly good fellow"	"Mercy!"	"The Little Chauffeur"	College widow.
"A man's a man for o' that"...	Hasn't any.....	"He Never Even Said Good-bye"	Scientist.

Horoscope

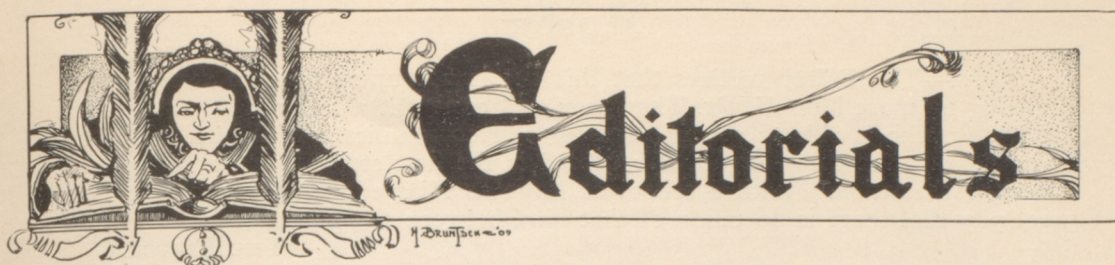
<i>Name</i>	<i>Nick-Name</i>	<i>Appearance</i>	<i>Besetting Sin</i>	<i>Favorite Occupation</i>
MORSMAN, BEATRICE .	"Twin"	Girlish	Cutting the boys..	Barn-dance
MANLEY, ALICE	"Dolly"	Irish Beauty...	Starring in Oral English	Writing in code to Frank
MURRAY, ETHEL	"Shorty"	Independent ..	Love of romance..	Flirting with "Kitty" Q.....
PETER, MARION.....	"Peter"	Studious	Singing (?).....	Geometry
PEWTRESS, MARGARET.	"Peggy"	Aristocratic ...	Flirting	Collecting "Frat" pins
PORTER, ETHEL	"Port"	Intellectual...	Bossing	Causing fun at "Staff" meetings
PERKINS, TIMOTHY ..	"Tim"	Frank	His little feet....	Queening
RINGO, FLORENCE	"Flo"	Sweet	Knocking	Borrowing
SNOW, STEPHANIE ...	"Twin"	Cherubic	Sauciness	Shorthand
SHARP, BYARD	"By"	Learned	The girls	Queening
SIEGFRIED, JOHN	"Jawn"	Delicate (?)...	Orchids	Mechanical Drawing
TAYLOR, IRENE	"Rene"	Elongated	Chewing gum....	Higher algebra...
THOMAS, HAROLD	"Tommie"	Businesslike ...	Slang	Being "funny man" in stenography..
TROY, MARION	"Mike"	Coquettish	Painting.....	Amateur acting...
WOOLLEY, HORACE	"Toodles"	Capable	Teasing	Being quiet (?)...

Horoscope

THE ACORN

<i>Fitting Quotation</i>	<i>Favorite Expression</i>	<i>Appropriate Song</i>	<i>Destiny</i>
"There is a deal of deviltry beneath her calm exterior"....	"Thunder!"	"She's Gettin' More Like White Folks Ev'ry Day"	Bareback rider with Barnum & Bailey.
"To all she was polite without parade"	"Frank says".....	"I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave"...	Ask Frank.
"She speaks, believes, and acts just as she ought".....	"I nearly exploded"	"I Want Someone to Call Me Dearie"...	Early marriage.
"Diligence is the mother of good luck".....	"Heavens!"	"Traveling"	Missionary to Hindoostan.
"And she was a winsome maid"	Gosh, Pete!".....	"The Giggler"	Teacher of fancy dancing.
" <i>Dux femina facti</i> ".....	"Oh, Lanzey!"...	"Won't You Come Over to My House"	Schoolmarm.
"And departing leave behind us 'Footprints' on the sands of time"	"Shucks!"	"Put Me Among the Girls"	Let the girls fight it out among themselves.
"She was as good as she was fair"	"Dandy"	"A Friend of Mine Told a Friend of Mine"	Dramatic soprano.
"Vivacity is the gift of women"	"How soulful!"..	"Father Bought a Woolley Dog to Keep the Boys Away" ...	Ask "Toodles."
"What shall I do to be forever known, And make the world become mine own?".....	"Roughneck"	"I Wants to Be the Villain in the Show"	Barber.
"Hail! the conquering hero comes"	"Sure!"	"Strong Heart".....	"Tainted" money magnate.
"My kingdom for a horse"....	"Suffering cats!"..	"Whoa! Bill"	Lightning calculator.
"An' I says, says I".....	"You bet".....	"I'm Wise"	Grammarian.
"A form more fair, a face more sweet, It never was my chance to meet."	"Oh! Scoey".....	"The One and Only".	Social butterfly.
"A friend in need is a friend indeed"	"Jiminy whiskers"	"Oh, Ambelina Snow"	Chef.





The Senior Acorn

June '09

Entered in the Postoffice at Alameda, Cal., as Second-Class Mail Matter

ACORN STAFF

MARGARET M. KENNY.....	Editor-in-Chief
ETHEL PORTER.....	Assistant Editor
MARY DE WITT.....	Story Editor
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ETHEL MURRAY }	
HAROLD THOMAS	Athletics
MARION TROY	School Notes
DOROTHY CLARKE	Class History
M. PEWTRESS	Art Editor
MEDCRAFT }	Artists
BRUNTSCH }	
COYLE }	
BYARD SHARP	Joshes
HORACE M. WOOLLEY, JR.....	Manager

A WORD IN PARTING

In this "Acorn" the class of June, 1909, sets forth its last literary effort. The staff has worked faithfully, but was glad to do so, for it was for the honor of the class. A great deal of credit is due to the manager, who has worked hard and continuously. The class joins the staff in thanking the artists, who were not members of the class, for their assistance.

Our high school life has been very pleasant, and it is with a pang of regret that we realize that we must step out. To you, the next graduating class, we extend all good wishes, and many thanks for the evening of pleasure which you have planned for us. To you, dear School, we wish a successful year, with well earned triumphs in every field of school activity.

THE EDITOR.

Roster

NOTE.—The Editor realizes that this list is not up to date in many cases. Knowing no more himself, Dr. Thompson will esteem it a favor if any reader of the Roster who is able to rectify an error will communicate with him. It is to be hoped that the compiling of this record is the first step toward a permanent Alumni Association. With a school as large as Alameda High School, it is a great pity that there is no union of that kind between the graduates.

THE EDITOR.

1878

MRS. ALIDA ANDREWS SMITH*	
MRS. FLORENCE DOOLEY	 Alameda
MRS. SADIE ELLERY OSTRANDER	 Berkeley
MRS. MAY MILLINGTON HARDY	 Seattle
MISS NELLIE SMITH COOPER	 San Francisco

1879

MRS. MAY ANDREWS WIGGIN	 San Francisco
MRS. JENNIE ANGELL CUNNINGHAM	 Alameda
MRS. CORA BISSELL WARREN	 Alameda
MRS. KATE BISSELL MINISS	 Coombe, Ireland

1880

SAMUEL HUNTER*	
EDWARD KILHAM	 Portland, Oregon
MRS. ALICE GIBBONS GRAVES	 Alameda
MRS. RACHEL HORTON ERICKSON	 Alameda
MRS. DOLLY MASTICH HYDE	 Princeton, Mo.
EMMA MOSER	
MRS. AMY PECK WINANT*	
GIVOE DA LOLLILSE EGGERS, Notary	 San Francisco
MINNIE WENCK, Teacher	 Santa Cruz
MRS. SARAH WINANT MAILLOT	 Alameda

1881

CHRIS BREMER*	
MABEL BARBER	 Alameda
MRS. MABEL GRISWOLD ROSS, Teacher	 Ventura
MARY MASTICK	 Alameda
MRS. BERTHA MAYRISCH LEMCKE	 Alameda
MAGGIE SCHMIDT*	
MRS. ELSIE SEYMOUR YOUNG	 Seattle
MARGARET SOHLKE	

1882

MRS. VIRGINIA CHINN GLENN	 Oakland
MRS. MAMIE ELLERY REYNOLDS*	
MRS. ALICE EVANS DENNETT	 San Francisco
MRS. KITTIE HEATH ANGELO	 Alameda
MRS. NELLIE MORRILL RUSSELL	 Oakland
MRS. ELLA O'BRIEN CASTLE	 Chicago
MRS. KATE SMITH LITTLETON	 Alameda
MRS. AGNES FRAUBE SCHULTZ	 Oakland
EMMA WARD	 Alameda

1883

ERNEST HARTMAN	San Francisco
EDWARD MISSE ^r *	
OBERT SIMPSON, Attorney at Law.....	
MARGARET CHENEY*	
ALICE ELLERY	Alameda
ADA FIALS, Teacher	San Francisco
ISABLE HUNTER, Artist	Alameda
MRS. EDA MAYRISCH HERRMANN.....	San Francisco
MINNIE MCKEAN	Alameda
REBECCA RICH	Alameda
MRS. MAMIE WAITE WINANT	Alameda

1884

HARRY TENNY	Stockton
HERBERT BRIGGS	Alameda
WILLIAM GIBBINS	Berkeley
MRS. HATTIE BYNON MCFEE	
MRS. NELLIE DICKSON HOLT	Alameda
MRS. EDITH HIGHTON GERZENDORPHER	Applegate
MRS. LAURA HOAG LIVINGSTON	Alameda
LAURA MASTICK*	
MRS. WINNIE MORRIS MCLEAN	Santa Catalina Island
MRS. MAMIE RICH GOGGIN.....	Alameda
MRS. NELLIE WHEATON BREWER	San Mateo

1885

EDWARD THORNTON, Vocalist	Alameda
LIZZIE D. ARNOLD	Alameda
NELLIE AYER	Fresno
MRS. EDITH HOBLER BURRELL	Alameda
MRS. KITTIE LANGE NIELSON	Los Angeles
MRS. MARTHA LIESE CORNELIUS.....	Alameda
ISA LINDERMAN	Alameda
MAUD C. TYLER	Portland, Ore.

1886

MRS. ALICE BARTON FARRINGTON	Alameda
MRS. SADIE HARNDEN WILDER	
ADA RAMSDELL, Singer	New York
MRS. HELEN FRAUBE BRANE	Alameda
JOSEPHINE CHAPMAN (Mrs. ———).....	Alameda
EMMA POLLAK	Alameda
MRS. HELENA LORENTZEN BECH	Alameda
MRS. EVA SHEAD TENNY, Vocalist.....	San Francisco
HELEN SULLIVAN, Teacher.....	San Francisco
EDITH CORBETT, Teacher	Washington
GRACE RAMSDELL HART	Alameda
MABEL HARNDEN GRISWOLD	Ventura
MRS. KATE MORRIS CLEAVES	Alameda
MRS. GRACE GRISWOLD WELDON	Santa Barbara

1887

LIZZIE AGNEW, Teacher	Alameda
ARTHUR ALLEN, Engineering Contractor	San Francisco

Thirty-three

THE ACORN

MRS. BELLE BAURHYTE	San Francisco
ADA BIRD, Teacher	Alameda
PETER BROCH	Alameda
EMMA HUNTER	Alameda
MRS. CORA JACKSON LANCASTER	Sacramento
HURBERT LINDERMAN, Bookkeeper.....	San Francisco
CHAS. W. MERRILL, Mining Engineer.....	Alameda
MRS. NINA LONG HITCHCOCK	Santa Barbara
LEO S. ROBINSON	Alameda
MRS. BLANCH SCHICH LITTLER	San Francisco
CORNELIA STRONG	San Francisco
WM. SULLIVAN	San Francisco
MRS. MATTIE TORSON REICHELDT	Chicago

1888

GEO. BEADLE	Piedmont
WILL D. CHAPMAN*	
WILL A. CLARK, M. D.	San Lorenzo
MARTHA CROOKS, Teacher	Alameda
MRS. EDITH ELLERY CONE	San Mateo
GEORGE S. ELLIOT	New York
MRS. CHARLOTTE ELLIOT BROWN.....	Alameda
HENRY EICKHOFF	Spencerville, Cal.
MRS. EMMA GRANGE BYLER	Middleton, Lake Co.
MRS. MAY HAND IVES	Alameda
MRS. MABEL HART WOLCOTT	Oakland
MRS. MAY HEBARD McMAHON	Alameda
FRED LINDERMAN, Steam Schooner Owner.....	Alameda
MRS. ELEANOR McFARLAND FISKE	San Francisco
MRS. MAUD MILLER MASTERSON.....	Alameda
MRS. CLARA ROBINSON MERRILL	Alameda
MRS. JOSIE ROOS BROMMAGE	Alameda
GEO. H. LESNON	Alaska
MRS. EFFIE WAITE PATTERSON	Oakland
MRS. MAYBELLE WARD WALKER	Honolulu

1889

MRS. OLIVE BARNUM LEVINSON	Los Angeles
MELVILLE CLEAVES, Stenographer S. P. Co.....	Alameda
ROBERT EIMER*	
MRS. EVA FABENS NELSON	Alameda
AUGUSTA KUHL	Alameda
ANNIE LEWIS	Alameda
MRS. LOUISA LUTGEN STRAUDE	San Francisco
MRS. FLORENCE MAGILL SOUTHER	Alameda
JANIE MORTON	San Francisco
MAUD NOBLE, M. D.	San Francisco
JOHN PECK	Oakland
BENJ. RAMSDELL	
ADOLPH ROSENTHAL, M. D.	San Francisco
ELLIOT SANFORD	San Francisco
MILTON SIMPSON, Attorney at Law.....	Alameda
GRACE SULLIVAN, Teacher	San Francisco
MRS. MARY THORNTON LINDERMAN	Alameda
ALFRED TUFT	San Francisco
MOLLIE ANDERSON	Alameda

Thirty-four

May, 1890

THE ACORN

MRS. LIZZIE BACON FRIER	Alameda
WILLIAM BIRD	Denver, Colo.
MRS. WINIFRED CHISHOLM HASLETT	San Francisco
BENJ. ELLIOT, Mfg. Foundry Facings	Alameda
MYRON FISH	Alameda
EVA FRASER	Alameda
EDNA RYAN	London
MRS. SUSIE HAND STURTEVANT	Alameda
ROBERT HAUXHURSH, JR.	Honolulu
ARTHUR NAHL, Mining Supt.	Lower California
JUNE PAINTER, Teacher	Alameda
LOTTIE PERKINS, Teacher	Alameda
MRS. CHRYSTAL PLUMMER WILKIE	Alameda
JOSEPHINE ROBINSON	Alameda
CHARLOTTE STEWART	Danville, Contra Costa Co.
KATHERINE SULLIVAN, Teacher	Santa Cruz
MRS. ALBERTA THOMAS VINCENT	Alameda
MARCUS WIGGIN, Journalist.....	

December, 1890

HELEN CASHMAN (Mrs. —).....	Alameda
WILLIAM CHACE, M. D.	Nome
MABEL GALLEGO, Teacher	Alameda
FRANK GRAHAM	Alameda
CHARLES LYNCH	San Francisco

May, 1891

MRS. AGNES CROWLEY GRANT	Alameda
CHARLES FIELD	Alameda
HORATIO FROST	San Francisco
MRS. ELSIE HARNDEN HOLMES	Berkeley
ALLEN PENFIELD, Atlas Insurance Co.	Alameda
HULDA THOMPSEN	Alameda
ROSE TRAUBE	Alameda
DOUGLAS WATERMAN	Klondyke
CHAS. WAYMIRE	Sacramento

December, 1891

CORA ANDERSON	Alameda
MARION ARNOLD	New York
FRED BORDWELL	Alameda
RACHEL BEST	Berkeley
FLORENCE COX	Fruitvale
FRANK FABENS	Alameda
BESSIE ROBINSON, Music Teacher	Alameda
TOMIYAMA KICHI	Glasgow, Scotland
MRS. GRETA WILLIAMS BROWN	Alameda

1892

BERTHA VON BARGON*	
MRS. MARY BISHOP VAN CRUMB	Los Angeles
HERBERT BLANDING	Alameda
BESSIE COLBY	New York
ALSTON DEAS	Honolulu

Thirty-five

THE ACORN

MRS. EVA ELLIOT CHARLOT	Mexico
ROBT. HOLMES, Haslett Warehouse Co.	Alameda
ADELE HAWLEY	Guatemala, Cal.
LILLIE KALMAN	San Francisco
MAGNUS NELSON, M. D.*	
MRS. MATIE ROBINSON BERRY	Alameda
JESSICA RODEN	San Francisco
MARY STEWART	Danville, Contra Costa Co.
ROSWELL WHEELER, Principal Grammar School.....	Oakland

1893

ARTHUR BABSON	Portland, Ore.
WM. BARBAT, M. D.	San Francisco
MRS. GUSSIE BENN LEAVITT	Alameda
ESTELLE COX*	
MRS. MARGARET GRAY EYRE	Alameda
MRS. FLORENCE HARDWICK MONCHAMP	Cedarville, Modoc Co., Cal.
FRED HENKENIUS	Alameda
EDWARD HOAG	Mexico
MINNIE KOPITZ (Mrs. ———).....	Alameda
MRS. ELSA KUHLS BLINN	Alameda
MRS. ANNIE MOISANT WEHL	San Francisco
MRS. GERTRUDE McCONNELL SHELLEY	Cupertino, Santa Clara Co.
ADALAIDE McCONNELL	Berkeley
MRS. EDITH McKEAN DONHAN	Orange, N. J.
ELLA O'BRIEN	Mexico
TEMPLE SMITH	San Francisco
MRS. LETITIA SANSOM FORTNER	Alameda
MRS. MARTHA THOMAS JOHNS	Alameda
MRS. EDNA WAYMIRE TUCK	Napa

1894

WM. AGAR*	
CURT ARENTS	Mexico
WM. BACON	Alameda
PERCY BORDWELL, in Faculty of University of Illinois.....	
DANIEL BURR, Jr.	Gilroy
LUCCA BUCH	Alameda
MARY CHAPPEL	Alameda
GEO. W. COLBY	Berkeley
CARRIE EICKHOFF, Teacher.....	Madera
ALEXANDRA ELLIOT	Alameda
JOHN FORCE, M. D.	San Francisco
EDITH FOX	Alameda
MARY HALTON, M. D.	San Francisco
WILLIAM HARVEY, M. D.	San Francisco
MYRTLE HERMANN, M. D.	Alameda
EDNA JONES, Teacher (Mrs. ———).....	
MRS. MAMIE KEEGAN HARDIMAN	San Francisco
MRS. JENNIE LAWRENCE SHANNAN	Alameda
MRS. FLORENCE MASON PALMER	Calcutta, India
MEDA McCARTNEY	Bay Farm Island
ALICE MICHAELS*	
MABEL MILLER	Alameda
MRS. HELEN SAYLE COURVOISIER*	
IRENE STEVENS, Teacher	Alameda

Thirty-six

MRS. LUCY SWETT BACON*	Alameda
JOHN TELLER, JR.	Alameda
BLANCHE TISDALE	Alameda
CLARENCE WEYMOUTH	Berkeley
NELLIE WIGNEY*	Alameda
MRS. GRACE WILLIAMS SANSOM	Alameda
SARAH GABLONSKY	Alameda

June, 1895

GRACE AGAR, Missionary	Thibet
WALTER BABSON, Traveling with Crane Co.	
NELLIE COUGHLIN	
MRS. ETHEL DOWNS BACHELDER	Oakland
LILLIE FORSYTH	San Francisco
JOSIE FRANK, Teacher	San Francisco
JACOB GREEN, M. D.	Oakland
MRS. MARTHA GRUENBERG SANDERS	Tonopah
LELA HERMAN	Alameda
MABEL JOHNSTONE	Alameda
MOLLIE LAHEY, Teacher	San Francisco
FLORENCE LA JEUNNESSE	Alameda
MRS. LILIAN LANCASTER GAMMILL	Manilla
ERNEST LIVINGSTONE	Oakland
GERTRUDE LIVINGSTONE	Oakland
BESSIE MACAULAY	Alameda
HATTIE McDONNELL, Teacher	Alameda
MRS. RITA PENFIELD ELSTER	Alameda
MRS. GERTRUDE PRESCOTT SMITH	Liverpool
IDA RAY, Teacher	Alameda
THOS. THOMPSON	Alameda
WALTER TUFT	Alameda
LEWIS WARD	Alameda
LIZZIE WELLS	Pepperwood, Humboldt Co.

December, 1895

MRS. HELEN ARENTS HARMES	Oakland
MRS. DORA BENSON HAIGHT	Alameda
LILLIE BRAMPTON	Alameda
MRS. EMMA CONRAD SWETT*	
MARIE DUFOUR	Alameda
MRS. MAUD FRASER CHAMPLIN	San Francisco
GEO. HENDERSON	Honolulu
MRS. VIOLET LUBBOCK CHEVALIER	Alameda
LILLIE McCULLOCH*	
CHARLES STRONG	Alameda
FRED STRAUB	San Francisco
MRS. OLIVE TAYLOR MCCALL	Alameda

June, 1896

AMANDUS PAULSON	Alameda
AMELIA ANDERSON	Alameda
CARL CARLSON, Teacher	Manilla
LAURA CLEAVES	Alameda
ETHEL FLEMING	Redding
AGNES FRISIUS, Teacher	Los Angeles
BENJAH HAMLIN, D. D. S.	Alameda

THE ACORN

CAROLINE HAWKE	Piedmont, Alabama
ALICE HOUSTON	Alameda
JOSEPH HUNTER*	
MRS. MIGNON MECARTNEY HALL	Alameda
MRS. MYRTLE MECARTNEY WILLARD	San Francisco
LENA PETERSEN	Alameda
ALVA REMMEL, M. D.	San Francisco
JENNIE SATH*	
MRS. ALICE SIEGFRIED WISCHROTH	Japan
EDNA SULLIVAN	San Francisco

December, 1896

NELLIE CROWLEY	Alameda
LILLIE FORDERER	Boston
ELSIE GUNN	E. Oakland
DUNWOODIE MCKEAN, D. D. S.	Alameda
JENNIE MCKEAN, Teacher	Alameda
DUDLEY PARKER	San Mateo
ANDREW PETERSON*	
MRS. MAUD RUSSELL ALLEN	Alameda
EDNA SIMPSON	Alameda
VIOLET TURNER	Alameda
HERBERT WILHELMI	Alameda

June, 1897

WILLIAM BARBER*	
JENELLA BISHOP, Teacher	Los Angeles
VIVIAN BRYAN	Portland, Ore.
ISABEL BERKMAIER	Baltimore
EVA FOSSING	Oakland
BLANCHE FROST, Teacher	Alameda
ALICE GUNN	E. Oakland
ANNIE KEEGAN	San Francisco
ERGO MAJORS, M. D.	Oakland
ERNEST MEYSEL	Alameda
HORACE MOULTHROP	Alameda
MRS. ELLA PATTIANI MACE	San Francisco
GRACE REYNOLDS	Alameda
MRS. FLORENCE SCOTT TURNER	Hayward
BENJ. SUELFLOHN	San Francisco
MRS. MAY SHREVE PARCELLS	Oakland
WM. M. THOMSEN*	
EDWARD TITLOW	New York
HAROLD TODHUNTER	Alameda
EDITH WARD	Alameda

December, 1897

SADIE CLAPP	Alameda
MRS. EDITH GETTEY CASSADY	Manila
MAURICE GREEN, D. D. S.	Oakland
CONSTANT NAHL, M. D.	Hobert Mill, Nevada Co.
ERNEST NIELSON	South San Francisco
ALICE WARD	Alameda
CHESTER WEYMOUTH	Berkeley

Thirty-eight

June, 1898

THE ACORN

MRS. VIOLA BURGNER GENTLE.....	Alameda
JOHN BOVARD	Eugene, Ore.
HALLIE DAGGETT	Black Bear, Siskiyou Co.
SUSIE EDSON	San Francisco
RUSSELL FIELD	Alameda
KATE FOSTER	Berkeley
MRS. EDNA FOWLER PARTCH.....	Falls City, Wash.
DR. JAMES HAMILTON, JR.....	Alameda
LELA HUBBARD	Alameda
WM. HOERISBERGER	Alameda
REUBEN HUNT	Alameda
MRS. LILLIAN KNOWLES DOZIER.....	San Francisco
GERTRUDE LANE	Alameda
ESTHER LEE	Alameda
SARAH LEE	Riverside
GRACE PENFIELD	Alameda
MAY SPENCER	Oakland
NORRIS STARK GRISCOM.....	Providence, R. I.
ABBIE SYKES	Alameda
FLORENCE YOUNG	Berkeley

December, 1898

PHILIP ALEXANDER	Alameda
GEO. BORDWELL	Alameda
JOSEPHINE CENTER	Alameda
ANNE DEAS	Honolulu
DAWN McGEORGE	Alameda
JEAN GUISLAIN	Paris
AUGUSTA NAHL	San Francisco
HANNA OEHLMANN	Alameda
EDWIN OTIS, Attorney-at-Law	Alameda
BEULAH POTTS (MRS. —).....	Alameda
LELAND RAMSDELL	New York
JENNIE RUSSELL	Alameda
MRS. MURIEL RUSSELL ELLIOTT.....	Alameda
NELLIE SMITH	Alameda
ALICE WEYMOUTH	Berkeley

June, 1899

MRS. HELENE ABT PRACHT.....	Vallejo
WINIFRED AGAR	Berkeley
STEPHEN BABSON	Alameda
MRS. LOIS BRONSON GUBALKE, M. D.....	Alameda
RITA BROWN (MRS. —).....	Colusa
MRS. GERTRUDE BURR LARSON.....	San Pedro
MABEL DEMING	Alameda
MRS. MAUD GRANT CHASE.....	Alameda
MRS. CORNELIA HALL CRANE.....	San Lorenzo
GRACE LIVINGSTONE	Oakland
BERTHA MOBLAD, Teacher.....	Steward's Point, Sonoma Co.
MARY POND	Alameda
GRACE ROWE	Alameda
MRS. MURIEL SWAIN DICKIE	Alameda

Thirty-nine

December, 1899

MRS. LILLIAN BRANDT WRIGHT.....	San Francisco
ROBERT HARNDEN, Real Estate Agent.....	Berkeley
ADAH HERR.....	Alameda
SADIE INNES*	
ELLA NAYLOR	Alameda
MAY PALMER	Alameda
MRS. CLARA REID HANSBROW*.....	

June, 1900

EDWARD BANNISTER	Butte, Mont.
EMMA BAMMAN	Alameda
GRACE BRUCKMAN	
DAISY CRAWFORD	New York
ELEANOR ESCHEN	Alameda
FANNIE KEYS	Alameda
MRS. STELLA KINDRED DENNIS.....	Arizona
MARION LANE	Alameda
GERTRUDE LINDERMAN (Mrs. —).....	Vallejo
MRS. VIDA MCKEAN HENDERSON.....	Alameda
GRACE MININGER, M. D.	Alameda
JOHN MCCULLOCH	Alameda
WM. MUGROVE	Berkeley
MRS. DORA PATTERSON VAN METER.....	Alameda
HARRY POND, Mining Engineer.....	Nevada
LAWRENCE RANK	Alameda
INEZ ROWE, Music Teacher	Alameda
DAISY SMITH	Alameda
RALPH WEYMOUTH	Berkeley
FLORENCE WILLIAMS	Alameda

December, 1900

CARLETON BAKER	Washington, D. C.
KATE BUNKER	Mill Valley
MRS. HELEN DURKEE BARRY	Alameda
ELMA EARLY	Alameda
WINSLOW FOSTER	Berkeley
IRMA FRANK	Alameda
EVERLYN HALL, Cashier, Seaboard Bank.....	Alameda
ALICE HILLER	Alameda
RAY JACOBS	Alameda
MRS. GRACE KNIGHT HOLT	Alameda
AZRO LEWIS	Alameda
MRS. HAZEL LUBBOCK CROLL	Alameda
STELLA SCOTT	San Francisco
MATILDA SHREVE*	
ELMA SWAIN	Alameda
LOLA TAFT*	
MRS. EMILY THORNING BANNISTER.....	Butte, Mont.
STELLA WIELAND	Alameda
DAGMER WHITE	Los Angeles
GUSTAV WHITE	Berkeley
OTTELINE YATES, Teacher.....	Alameda

June, 1901

GEO. BURKHARDT.....	Los Angeles
BERTHA CRAWFORD	Marysville

LULU CROWE	Alameda
MRS. MARION GERALD ANDERSON	Alameda
JERO HARADA	Berkeley
LAWRENCE KESSING	Alameda
LOUIS KILPATRICK	San Francisco
MRS. JESSIE MACKIE RODMAN	Lake County
EDNA MACFAYDEN	Berkeley
ANNA MCKENNA	Cazadero
WILLIAM MURRAY	Alameda
FLORENCE PARKER	Alameda
ISABELLE O'CONNOR	Alameda
MRS. BLANCHE SPEDDY JONES	Alameda
MARY VAN ORDEN	Alameda
ANITA WINANT	Alameda

December, 1901

MRS. ETHEL ALLEN PRIXLEY	Corte Madera
EDNA ATHEARN	Alameda
EDNA BARBER	Alameda
ANNIE BIRD	Alameda
JOHN BLISS	Alameda
MRS. AGNES BRONSON SEPHTON	Alameda
MRS. LOUISA BRONSON SEPHTON	Alameda
EDITH CHIPCHASE, S. F. Normal	Alameda
HUGH CUNNINGHAM	
ORIE HEALY	Alameda
ELLA MILLER	Alameda
ANNIE USINGER	Alameda
SELMA WERNER	

June, 1902

GERALD ANTHONY	Alameda
ELVA BARKER	Alameda
IVA CUTLER	Alameda
MILTON EPSTEIN	Berkeley
SIDNEY ESCHEN	Alameda
MAY GARDINER	Berkeley
MRS. MARGUERITE HERR COOPER	Modesto
JOHN HOWELL	Alameda
ALICE JOST	Alameda
DELLA LA JEUNESSE (MRS. —)	Alameda
ROSE LEE (MRS. —)	Alameda
CHARLES LEWIS	Alameda
FREMA PALMER	
MRS. EMMA POSTEL JHUEL	Alameda
WILLIAM ROBERTSON	
EDNA RUE, Nurse	Alameda
MABEL SAILOR	
IRMA SEIDER	
RUTH WOODBRIDGE	
ETHEL WRIGHT (MRS. —)	Palo Alto

December, 1902

ARTHUR BLISS	Alameda
MAUD BREMER	Alameda
GLADYS BULLOCK	Alameda

THE ACORN

MAUD CLAPP*		
MARY CONRO		
EDITH FOSTER		Alameda
LILIAN KINDRED, Alameda Library		Alameda
WALLACE MERRIAM, Alameda National Bank		Alameda
HAZEL PERKINS		Alameda
BERTRAM RIGBY		Alameda
ADRIAN ROSSETER		
WARREN SWAYNE		Alameda
IRMA TAYLOR (Mrs. —)		Chicago

June, 1903

ETHEL AMANN		Berkeley
DONNA BUTTNER		
LOUISE CLAPP		Alameda
JUANITA DAVID (Mrs. —)		Lodi
METTA EGGERS, Student		Germany
EDWARD EVERTS		West Point
DORIS HENN		Alameda
IRA KIBBY		Alameda
DANIEL KNOX, Hastings Law College		Alameda
MRS. EVELYN LEVKORVICZ HUBBARD		Cleveland, Ohio
WINIFRED MASTICK		Alameda
EILEEN MCCURRIE		Alameda
IDA PATTIANI		Alameda
THOM. REEVES		Alameda
GRACE SCHMALZ		Alameda
MRS. LULU SCHROEDER GRIESEMER		Alameda
MRS. ANTONINA SUNDELL BARRY		Courtland, Cal.
HATTIE TABOR		Alameda
GREGG WEEKS, U. C.		Alameda
HARRY WHITAKER		Iowa
EDITH WHITE		Alameda

December, 1903

EDWARD ALLEN, <i>Argus</i> Staff		Alameda
BERTHA BANNISTER		Berkeley
MRS. WILLOW BUTLER SWAYNE		Alameda
HANNAH CROZER, U. C.		Alameda
OLIVE DILLON		Alameda
LEWIS DURKEE		Alameda
CLARA EBERLE		Alameda
LEONA HAILE, U. C.		Alameda
ELSIE HORTON		Alameda
ARTHUR INNES		Alameda
MARIE KENT, Nurse		San Francisco
ETHEL MILLER, U. C.		Alameda
JESSE ROBINSON, Harvard		Alameda

June, 1904

ARTHUR ALVAREZ, U. of C. Faculty		Berkeley
MARGARET BECKER		Alameda
NINA BELCHER		Los Angeles
MIRIAM CROZER, U. C.		Alameda
MRS. JEAN DORSCH HARLOW		Plumas County
FREDA DUNLOP (Mrs. —)		

EMMA GRASS	Alameda
FRIEDA HANSON	Alameda
EVELYN JOHNSON	Alameda
MRS. HELEN KRAUTH INGRAHAM	Oakland
PEARL LOCKE, U. C.	Alameda
ALEX. MACKIE, JR.	Alameda
ALEXINE MITCHELL	Alameda
STEPHEN OTIS, Hastings Law College	Alameda
GERTRUDE PLUMMER, Teacher	
MIGNON READ	Alameda
WILHELMINA SALE, U. C.	Alameda
ROSE SCHMIDT, U. C.	Berkeley
CATHERINE SEARLE	Alameda
BRUCE SPENCER, <i>Argus</i> Staff	Alameda
MYRTLE WARD	Alameda
MARGUERITE WINANT, U. C.	Alameda
HARRY YOUNG, U. C.	Alameda

December, 1904

HAZEL BINDER, Stanford	Alameda
GERTRUDE BRUNS	Alameda
EDNA COLSON	Alameda
ALBION DOE	Alameda
NORMAN D'EVELYN, California Promotion Committee	Alameda
ALYCE GAFFEET	St. Luke's Hospital, S. F.
RAYMOND GOTT, Stanford	Alameda
FRANK JACKSON, Stanford	Piedmont
FRED MUDGETT	Alameda
WEBSTER MACLOON	Alameda
DOROTHEA MACPHERSON, Stanford	Stanford
RUTH NOTNAGLE	Alameda
ROBERT PARKER, U. C.	Alameda
FRANCES PRIOR	
ARTHUR RADER, U. C.	Berkeley
FORD SAMUEL	Alameda
FLETCHER SLOSSON	Berkeley
FLORENCE SCHULTZ, U. C.	Berkeley
EVELYN SHERRARD	Alameda
LOUISE STRACHAN, U. C.	Alameda
LEITA TEMPLEMAN	Alameda
CHARLOTTE THOMPSON	Alameda
DEANE TISDALE	Alameda
MRS. LAURA WELLS FOWLER	San Francisco

June, 1905

FRANCES AMANN	Berkeley
MAE BEVAN, U. C.	Alameda
ADELE BROWN, U. C.	Alameda
HOPE CORTELYOU, <i>Argus</i> Staff	Alameda
GRACE ELLIS	Alvarado
MAUDE FISCHER	Alameda
ELEANOR FRENCH	Berkeley
ALICE HARRINGTON	Alameda
LAURENCE HUBBARD, U. C.	Alameda
CAROLYN JEPSÉN	Oakland
JOSEPHINE KEENAN	Oakland

THE ACORN

GEO. MARWEDELL, U. C.	Fruitvale
ALICE MAURER	Alameda
JOHN MILLAR	England
ETHEL O'BRIEN, <i>Argus</i> Staff	Alameda
DOUGLAS PARKER	Alameda
JEROME POLITZER	Alameda
AGNES PORTER	Alameda
EDNA RIDLEY	Alameda
REUBEN SALISBURY	Alameda
BENJ. SHEARMAN	Alameda
HELEN SMITH	Alameda
HELEN VOLLMAR	Alameda
RUDOLPH WAYMIRE	Alameda
EDITH YATES	Alameda
LORNE HENDRY	Alameda

December, 1905

MRS. BESSIE ANDERSON ANDERSON	Oakland
GERTRUDE COMFORT	Panama
RUEY DIXTIR, U. C.	Alameda
EDITH FORDERER, U. C.	Alameda
HAROLD HOEBER	Alameda
VERA KAHN	Alameda
RALPH MARX	University of Pennsylvania
LAURA MCKNIGHT	Fruitvale
IRA RADER	Annapolis
ALMA RICKABY	Oakland
CONSTANT SIMON	Alameda
MINERVA STEINWAY	Alameda
ERMINIA WIELAND	Alameda
ELIZABETH YOUNG, U. C.	Alameda
HAZEL HOCH	Providence, R. I.

June, 1906 — Earthquake Class

MRS. MARJORIE ARNOLD MANOR	Alameda
RUSSELL BAKER	Alameda
MAY BISSELL, U. C.	Alameda
GERALD BROOKS	Alameda
EDMUND BRUSH, <i>Argus</i> Staff	Alameda
DAVID CLARK	Alameda
LUCILE CRACKLES, U. C.	Oakland
CHAUNCEY EASTMAN	Alameda
JOSEPH EMMAL	Alameda
EMILY FRANK	Alameda
ALAN E. FIELD	Coalinga
BEATRICE GOTTHEIM	Berkeley
KATHERINE HASTY	Alameda
SUMNER HOLLAND	Alameda
HAZEL HOLT	Alameda
WARREN INNES	Humboldt County
EDITH JOHNSON	Alameda
RALPH JENKINS	Alameda
JOSEPHINE KISER	Alameda
FRANK LAWRENCE	Sisson
LAWRENCE LYNCH, U. C.	Alameda
GRACE McDONNELL	Alameda

FRANCIS MASLIN, U. C.	Alameda
MAUD MURPHY	Alameda
HARRY NASON	Alameda
ELIZABETH PENFIELD	Alameda
BESS PRATT, Training for Nurse	San Francisco
ETHEL PLUMMER, Stanford	Alameda
ETHEL ROCHE, Training for Nurse	San Francisco
ROY ROWE	Alameda
ELEANOR RUSSELL	Alameda
GERTRUDE SCUDDER	
GEO. SEARLE, U. C.	Alameda
KATHERINE SHARPSTEIN, U. C.	Alameda
RUSSELL SEARLE	Alameda
LELAND SCOTT, Stanford	Alameda
MABEL USINGER, U. C.	Alameda
GEO. WALLACE, JR.	Honolulu
MARJORIE WEBBER	Alameda
HELEN WHITE	Alameda

December, 1905

JANE BECKER, Alameda Library	Alameda
LOUISE BORELLA	Alameda
MARJORIE COCKROFT	Alameda
HILDA COULTER, Teacher	Elmhurst
GERTRUDE EBERLE	Alameda
ADELE EHRENBERG, Stanford	Alameda
EM LOU FRISBIE, U. C.	Berkeley
EVA GIBBONS	Alameda
MARTHA KIRBY	Alameda
THERESA MEHRTENS	Alameda
EDNA MOULTHROP	Alameda
MARION MITCHELL, U. C.	Alameda
HELEN PERKINS	Alameda
GRACE RENNER	Alameda
HELEN STROUPE	Alameda
MRS. IDA SPENCE JAMIESON	Alameda
LILA THOMPSON*	
LOUISE THOMPSON, S. F. Normal	Alameda
MILDRED TURNER, Music Teacher	Alameda
JEAN TYSON	Alameda
ESTHER WIST	
MABEL WOODIN	Alameda
CHARLES BRANDT	Alameda
WILLIAM EVERTS, U. C.	Alameda
HOWARD FASSETT	Alameda
ALLEN FRICK	Alameda
HELMUT HINCK	Alameda
HENRY JACKSON, U. C.	Piedmont
GEORGIA HATHAWAY, S. F. Normal	Alameda
BYRON PAUL, Stanford	Alameda

June, 1907

MINNIE JACOBI	Alameda
DONALD BAILEY	Alameda
ANNETTE BAREILLES	Alameda
ENA BEANE	Alameda

THE ACORN

HELEN BICKFORD, U. C.	Alameda
GEORGE BROWNING, U. C.	Alameda
CHARLOTTE BRUSH, U. C.	Alameda
MYRA BURDICK	Alameda
EDITH CAMERON	Alameda
FRITZ CLAXTON	Victoria, B. C.
ALMA CURTIS	Alameda
CHARLOTTE D'EVELYN, Mills College	Alameda
BROWNING DEXTER, U. C.	Alameda
EDWARD DOWDLE, Medical College	San Francisco
IRVING GOTTHEIM, U. C.	Berkeley
LILLIAN HARBER, U. C.	Alameda
ROBERTA HASLETT, Stanford	Alameda
MONTGOMERIE HASLETT, Jr., Stanford	Alameda
EDWIN HIGGINS, Stanford	Alameda
VERDELL JONES	Alameda
EMMY LEMCKE, U. C.	Alameda
VIOLA MINOR	Alameda
LELAND MOORE, Cooper Medical College	Alameda
MAY NASON, N. Y. Boarding School	Alameda
GERTRUDE POSTEL	Alameda
FRANCES READ, U. C.	Alameda
CLAIRE RITCHIE, S. F. Normal School	Alameda
HARRY SEPULVEDA, Stanford	Alameda
BERTHA SHERAMSKY	
IRENE WELP	Alameda
BESSIE YATES, U. C.	Alameda
IRMA YOUNG, U. C.	Berkeley

December, 1907

CORNELIA BOWERS, S. F. Normal	Alameda
DOLORIS BRADLEY, U. C.	Alameda
CHARLOTTE BUCKARD, S. F. Normal	Alameda
JANE COOPER, Stanford	Alameda
LOUISE DAMKROEGER	Alameda
ANNA DAZEY, S. F. Normal School	Alameda
ALBERT DEXTER	Alameda
MANU HENKENIUS	Alameda
SYLVIA MCCURRIE	Alameda
THEODORE SEARLE	Poker Flat, Placer County
CARO SIMONSON, U. C.	Alameda
METCALFE SIMONSON, U. C.	Alameda
EDNA SULLIVAN	Tonopah
KATHERINE VAN ORDEN, training for nurse	Alameda

May, 1908

STANLEY BEHNEMAN, U. C.	Alameda
ALLAN BERINGER	Mill Valley
GLADYS BROOKS	Alameda
KARL CHAPMAN	Alameda
MYRA CLOTHIER, S. F. Normal School	Alameda
ROSWELL DAGUE, George Washington College	Washington, D. C.
MYRTLE FISHER	Alameda
ELVA FULMER	Alameda
EDITH GALE	Alameda
EDITH HUNT, U. C.	Alameda

Forty-six

FREDERICK JOHNSON, Stanford.....	Stanford
MURIEL KILLAM	Alameda
PAUL KUHN, S. P. Co.....	Alameda
EUGENE LITTLETON, Wells-Fargo Co.....	Alameda
GERTRUDE MEYSEL	Alameda
VEGA MILLER	Berkeley
OLGA RUSSELL, P. G.....	Alameda
CLARENCE SANBORN, Stanford.....	Fruitvale
HERMINA SCHLAGETER	Mariposa
MARGARET SPENCE, P. G.....	Alameda
ELIZABETH SEARLE	Alameda
RUTH SHREVE, U. C.....	Alameda
BEATRICE STEDMAN	Alameda
NEIL WILSON, Stanford.....	Oakland
ROBERT WORTHINGTON, Stanford.....	Stanford

December, 1908

SPENCER BRUSH	Roseville
LESLIE BATES	Alameda
GENEVIEVE BOWERS, S. F. Normal School.....	Alameda
GERTRUDE BROWN	Alameda
IONE CONNOR	Alameda
EDWIN GRAFF, P. G.....	San Leandro
BOLIVER JURADO, P. G.....	Alameda
MILDRED LANSING	Alameda
WYNNE MEREDITH, P. G.....	Alameda
SPENCER MASTICK, P. G.....	Alameda
EDWIN MEYER	Alameda
EARLE McCANN	Alameda
HELENE POWELL, S. F. Normal School.....	Alameda
GENEVIEVE PATTIANI	Alameda
KENNETH ROGERS	Alameda
MEREDITH PARKER	Alameda
ERNA SEEGER, P. G.....	Alameda
HOMER SPENCE	Alameda
LUCY STANDEFER, S. F. Normal School.....	Alameda
CAREY TROY	Alameda

*Deceased.

in Alameda County. Were it possible to transplant it, it might easily command a thousand dollars in a playground of New York.

In each park the pleasure of everyone has been provided for. There will be tiny papoose hammocks, numerous swings of many varieties, and benches all about. There will be, also, iron bars, horizontal and perpendicular, flying rings and ladders. Best of all, in each playground, one may find an instructor to show the children how to get the most pleasure out of the apparatus which is provided. One tennis court has been plotted, and in case it proves to be an attraction, another will be added.

In Lincoln Park, behind the children's section, is a beautiful pond, which will soon be filled with water lilies. But this is only a charming spot along the way to the goal of the high school athlete and his friend. A large open space there will be used to make a four-lap cinder path. This will be skirted on one side by commodious bleachers, on the opposite by a lodge containing dressing-rooms and showers for the convenience of the participants in athletic events. In the center a baseball diamond is to be laid out, and close by a football field. These fine features are bound to bring the boys of many schools to our city for their meets and games.

The Commissioners, Mr. Delanoy, Dr. D'Evelyn and Mr. Bruce Wright, have worked very hard, the first mentioned alone using more than half his time in this work. Yet their only desire is to have the people take advantage of the opportunities lying at their doors.

THE EDITOR.

That Cup!

The football cup which was presented to the Academic Athletic League by William Randolph Hearst of the San Francisco *Examiner*, is one of the most beautiful trophies of its kind that the members of the league have ever contended for.

Mr. R. P. Baker, Alameda High School's delegate to the League, in the presentation of the cup, made an appropriate speech, and all the former enthusiasm which aroused the feelings of the students during the successful season of the football team was again apparent. The trophy is one of the most handsome cups that has ever been competed for in California, being gold plated and standing on a pedestal of the same metal.

Although the cup was won by default, it was not due to any fault of the Alameda players. The first game played between Lick and Alameda schools resulted in a score of six to six. A second game was planned, but the team across the bay refused to meet their opponents, thereby leaving the Alameda High School the winner of the Academic Athletic trophy. It is our greatest desire that this cup will find a permanent home with us, and from present indications we expect this to be the case.

During the past term we have been unusually fortunate in securing Mr. Jacob Riis to lecture before the High School, and in hearing one of his best lectures, "Tony's Hardships." Mr. Riis is a man of international reputation, and one of our biggest Americans. His work which first brought him before the eye of the public was that which he did while working as a police reporter on the N. Y. *Sun*, in connection with the slums of New York City. He accomplished much in this line, and the work is still continuing.

The recent lecture that was given was one of the best of its kind that Alameda audiences have had the opportunity of hearing. Mr. Riis is a most interesting speaker, and is able to hold the attention of the audience to the last word. Although he speaks with a decided accent, this only adds to the originality of the man.

Mr. Riis has spoken before a number of high school audiences in the State,

THE ACORN and everywhere has been enthusiastically received. This is the speaker's second visit to our island city, and it is with pleasure that we will look forward to seeing him with us again.

Senior Play

During the first week in May the Senior Class of June, '09, will present the "Cabinet Minister," by Arthur W. Pinero. The cast will be coached by Mr. Fred Carlyle, who is well known in Alameda and about the bay. Mr. Carlyle has had great success along dramatic lines, and the "Cabinet Minister" promises to be just as great a success as his former endeavors. Great interest has been shown in putting on this play, which is one of keen interest and highly entertaining.

The cast is as follows:

Earl of Drumdurris (in the Guards).....	Horace Woolley
Viscount Aberbrothock (his son).....	
Right Hon. Sir Julian Twombley, G. C. M. G., M. P. (Secretary of State for ——— Department)	Glen Hahn
Brooke Twombley (his son).....	Heath Angelo
Macphail of Ballocheevin.....	Edmund Margrave
Mr. Joseph Lebanon	Harold Thomas
Valentine White (Lady Twombley's nephew).....	Byard Sharp
Mr. Melton (Sir Julian's private secretary).....	Timothy Perkins
The Munkittrick	John Siegfried
Probyn	John Siegfried
Dowager Countess of Drumdurris.....	Alice Manley
Lady Euphemia Vibart (her daughter).....	Irma Forveaux
Countess of Drumdurris	Stephanie Snow
Lady Twombley	Marion Troy
Imogen (her daughter).....	Margaret Kenny
Lady Macphail	Mary de Witt
Hon. Mrs. Gayluster (a young widow, trading as Mauricette et Cie, 17A Plunkett Street, Mayfair).....	Ethel Porter
Angele	Harriet Figg
Miss Munkittrick.....	Dorothy Clarke

By the recent anti-fraternity bill, which was passed by the State Legislature, high school fraternities and sororities are prevented from continuing any further active work. These institutions have never caused any trouble in the past in Alameda, and Dr. Thompson and the board of education expect nothing of an unpleasant nature to arise over the bill in the future.

The fraternity and sorority members have taken an intelligent attitude in the matter and shall see that the law is obeyed.



The "Chimes of Normandy"

as seen by the cartoonist



A BUNCH OF THAT ADORABLE CHORUS.



ADA NASON SINGING
"JUST LOOK AT THAT, JUST
LOOK AT THIS."



BASE DE-
CEIVER!



I CONFESS
ALL, MY LORD

HARRY KASSEBAUM AND ALVIN
MAZE IN THE LAST ACT.



ALICE DAVIS MADE A
DECIDED HIT
AS GERMAINE.

LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN—

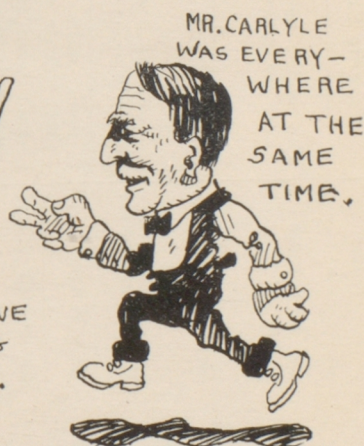
THE LITTLE
RIVULETS—ETC.



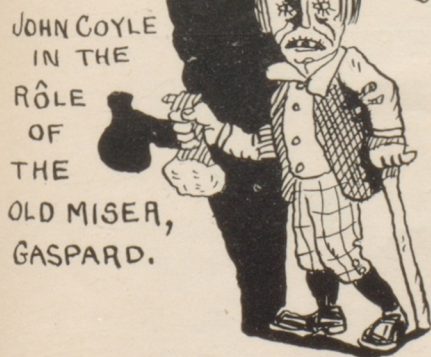
STAGE-MAN-
AGER
ANTHONY
MAKES A
SPEECH.



ED. SEAGRAVE
OPEANING
THE FAIR.



MR. CARLYLE
WAS EVERY-
WHERE
AT THE
SAME
TIME.



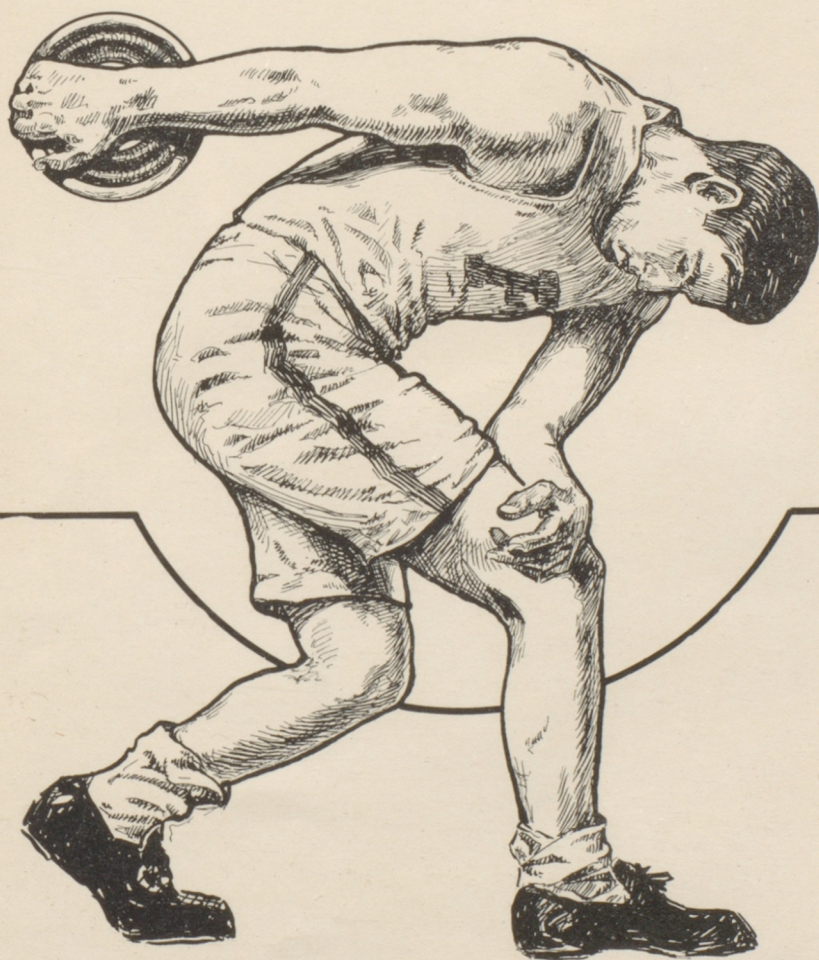
JOHN COYLE
IN THE
RÔLE
OF
THE
OLD MISER,
GASPARD.



The Faculty

Name	Favorite Expression	Beseiting Sin	Fitting Quotation	Class Opinion
DR. THOMPSON ...	This is the best class that ever graduated.....	Allowing Hazing (?)	At school I knew him; grave, thoughtful, reserved.....	<i>The Office.</i> We depart from thence into everlasting vacation.
MISS HAWORTH ..	See the point?.....	The incommensurable case	None knew her but to love her	<i>Mathematics Period.</i> To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.
MISS GARRETSON..	Little one	Idiomatic sentences ..	Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts.....	<i>French and German Periods.</i> I shall die if I don't talk.
MISS WHITE	I don't quite understand that; please explain.....	Taking the life of the author to be studied	Her sweet smile haunts me still	<i>English Period.</i> A joy forever—(if omitted).
DR. STALEY	I don't want to seem too severe, but —!!!	Prose composition ...	Knowledge is power.....	<i>Latin Period.</i> Enough to weigh a nation down.
MISS HEWITT	That's exactly right.....	Accurateness	Who is good is happy.....	<i>Math. and Mech. Drawing Period.</i> We are born to work.
MR. MARSHALL ...	Discuss the question with all its ramifications.....	Making jokes	Laugh and the world laughs with you	<i>History Period.</i> Thrice my peace was slain.
MISS DU BOIS ...	You may change your seat..	Those little girls.....	So sweet a face; such angel grace!	<i>English Period.</i> In this way of writing without thinking We have a strange alacrity in sinking.
MISS COHEN	Now this study hall must come to order.....	Frequent compositions	For rhetoric she couldn't ope Her mouth but out there flew a 'trope.....	<i>English Period.</i> Silence reigns supreme.
MR. AGARD	Then, again —.....	Music	No rivers winding through the vale below so sweetly warble	<i>French and English Period.</i> 'Tis industry supports us all.
MR. WESTERGARD .	I refuse to be bamboozled by a certain few unruly girls	Special reports	But never taxed for speech...	<i>History Period.</i> Let me therefore live as if every moment were to be my last—(in the room).
MISS VOLLMAR ...	Come, come, has anyone a fountain-pen he is not using?	Dutch Club	He is gentle that doth gentle deeds	<i>German Period.</i> I could scarcely (?) tear myself away.
MISS DYER	The very idea!.....	Bugs and flowers....	Enough that at the end of all a little garden blossom.....	<i>Botany and Zoology Period.</i> Over all too quickly (?).
MR. MINIUM....	Let's see how much you don't know on the subject	Eight o'clock recitations	As some are born to work, so others are born to watch over them while they work..	<i>Physics and Chemistry Period.</i> And here our tender age might suffer peril.
MISS KEMPSTON ..	Please cover the machines..	Hurrying	A face wonderfully sweet and beguiling	<i>Typing Period.</i> And all the air a solemn stillness (?) holds.
MR. McLAUGHLIN.	Now that boy, Macauley!..	Enthusiasm for track.	Then he will talk, good heavens! how he will talk!	<i>Commercial Period.</i> I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought.
MISS TABER.....	I don't want to hear a voice for ten minutes.....	Perspective	With dainty step like an an-	<i>Perfectly easy!</i>

Sports



M. DRUTSCH '09





Captain Gay

Captain Gay is one of the best men on the team and is the right one to captain a winning team. He has the confidence of all the players and understands the game in all its phases.

Baseball

The year has rolled around again, and Alameda once more has a chance for the cup. As we look over the team, this chance is no idle one, but almost a certainty. We possess a pitcher, the equal of whom no high school around the bay has. Our catcher, although a new man, has proved that he is not a new hand at the business. First base will be guarded by Kiser, and, although this is a new position for him, we all know that he is capable. We rely on Scotty to cover second. Murphy will cover third, and as to his ability to fill that position, "He's there." Captain Frank Gay will play shortstop, and we know that he will stop anything that comes near him. Although the field is not yet definitely decided, we have a fast set of men to pick from in Seagrave, Bruzzoni, Graff, Gay and Beach.

Frank Gay was chosen captain by the team. This was undoubtedly a good choice, for he possesses both ability and experience. Charles Baum was elected manager, and from the way he managed last year's football team, we know he is the man for the place. The team had some difficulty in securing a coach, but at last Duffy Lewis was decided upon. He coached the team until called away for spring practice. Si Russell was then chosen.

The first practice game of the season was played with Lick on January 27th. Mackie pitched this game and, although it was the first time the fellows had played, they showed their ability by defeating Lick, 7-6.

WILMERDING VS. ALAMEDA

This game was played on February 17th. Graff pitched. On account of a slump in the fourth inning, Alameda was defeated by two runs. Score, 8-6.

SAN JOSE VS. ALAMEDA

This game was the first of the series of three with San Jose, and was played at Freeman's Park on the 27th of February. Mackie pitched this game. Alameda played a great game and defeated San Jose by one run. Score, 1-0.

ST. MARY'S VS. ALAMEDA

Alameda, on the 2d of March, played St. Mary's, on St. Mary's home grounds and were defeated. The score was 8-4. Graff pitched.

SAN JOSE VS. ALAMEDA

This was the second game of the series. Played at San Jose on March 12th. Alameda, by defeating San Jose, 4-1, ended the series. Graff pitched.

COGSWELL VS. ALAMEDA

Although it was supposed that Cogswell was one of the strongest bidders for the championship, Alameda, with Graff pitching, defeated Cogswell 14 to 4.

GOAT ISLAND NAVAL ACADEMY VS. ALAMEDA

On March 17th, Alameda met defeat at the hands of the Naval Academy of Goat Island on their home grounds. Both Mackie and Graff pitched and, supported by a crippled team, came out the short end of a 8-7 score.

BELMONT VS. ALAMEDA

Alameda, short of five regular men, defeated Belmont Military Academy on the 20th of March. Mackie pitched this game. Score, 6-5.

The line-up for the team thus far is:

J. MACKIE	Catcher	P. MACKIE }	Pitcher
CHAS. KISER.....	First Base	GRAFF }	
CH. MURPHY.....	Third Base	H. SCOTT.....	Second Base
		FRANK GAY.....	Shortstop
	SEAGRAVE }		
	BRUZZONE }		
	GRAFF }		Outfield
	E. GAY }		

Track

This year is the first in many when so much interest has been shown in track; not only have the old men been turning out regularly, but many new ones have been training diligently for the last few weeks.

Alameda has several dual meets arranged with high schools in Southern California. On April 10th, Alameda will go to Santa Cruz and compete with that high school.

Alameda ought to make a good bid for a place in the big track meets, as Thorpe and Macaulay are sure point winners. Perkins, Shattuck and Etter, although they are running new distances, bid fair to take places. The new material is showing up well and by the work they have done so far promise to develop into material which will be a strong rival in future meets.

The entries are as follows:

Two-mile	WIELAND
One-mile.....	WIELAND and THORPE
Half-mile.....	SHATTUCK and PERKINS
440-yard.....	CUMMINS, MACAULAY and PERKINS
220-yard.....	MACAULAY, CUMMINS and ETTER
100-yard	ETTER and CHRISTENSEN
50-yard.....	ETTER, CHRISTENSEN and KASSEBAUM
Shot put.....	EMILE BRUZZONE
Hammer throw.....	EMILE BRUZZONE
High jump.....	CHRISTENSEN and KASSEBAUM

"INTERCLASS MEET"

The semi-annual interclass meet of the High School was held on March 31st, on the track opposite the High School. It was the best meet that the boys have had for several years. More interest was shown, and more men turned out to run who were not on the regular track team. The feature of the day was the showing made by the Freshmen, and some very good material was discovered.

THE ACORN

The events of the day were as follows:

50-yard dash—won by Macaulay; Dinsdale second, Kassebaum third.

Two mile—won by Wieland; Bronson second.

100-yard dash—won by Macaulay; Etter second, Christensen third.

Half mile—won by Shattuck; Orwig second, Bronson third.

220 yards—won by Macaulay; Etter second, Perkins third.

440 yards—won by Cummins; Shattuck second, Perkins third.

High jump—won by Kassebaum; Dinsdale second, Christensen third.

Mile—won by Thorpe and Thompson, first; Von Schmidt second, Thomas third.

Relay—won by Seniors; Freshmen second, Juniors third.

The meet was won by the Seniors, with a score of 47; Freshmen second, with 20; Juniors, with 15, and Sophomores, with 12.

SANTA CRUZ DUAL MEET

Alameda's track team ran against the track team of Santa Cruz on the 9th of April, defeating Santa Cruz by one point. Score, 47-46.

100-yard dash—Etter first, Macaulay second, Bliss, S. C., third.

220 yards—Macaulay first, Cummins second, Bliss, S. C., third.

440 yards—Macaulay first, Santa Cruz second, Cummins third.

880 yards—Shattuck first, Santa Cruz second, Perkins third.

Mile—Santa Cruz first, Thorpe second, Thompson third.

Two-mile—Santa Cruz first, second and third.

High jump—Christensen and Santa Cruz tied for first.

Broad jump—Santa Cruz first and second, Macaulay third.

Shot put—Santa Cruz first, Bruzzone second, Shattuck third.

Hammer throw—Santa Cruz first and second, Bruzzone third.

Relay—won by Alameda.



TRACK TEAM



Captain Etter

The choice of Etter for captain of the track team was without doubt a good one, as he has been a track man for the last two years. He is a hard worker and point-winner.



"He who laughs last irritates."

Oily to bed, oily to rise,
Is the fate of a man when an auto he buys.—Ex.

We have a fine teacher named West-e,
In temper he seldom is test-e,
But a stickler for dates,
O! ye poor addle-pates
If ye miss them, O how he will pest ye.
Omy Quitit—near poet.

WOULD YOU SMILE?

If Sargent Angelo should make a mistake,
If Sharpie should appear bashful,
If Dutch Geldermann should be caught cutting,
If Thomas should forget to play "sub" to Mr. Westergard,
If Ken Abbott should know his French,
If Glen Hahn should start a rough house,
If Margrave should be caught queening,
If Butch B. should get canned from the Park Theatre,
If Tim Perkins should get over his sourball,
If Woolley should lose his temper,
If Johnny Siegfried should be seen smoking,
If Harriet Figg should get to school on time,
If Irma Foveaux should be "paid in full,"
If Dotty Clarke should marcel her hair,
If Ella Chaplin should be caught bluffing,
If Kenny should suddenly turn pale,
If Mary de Witt should hurry up,
If Alice Davis should stay to class meetings,
If Irene Taylor should get fussed,
If Marion Peter should forget to kick,
If Mary Ann Tröy should forget "Scoey,"
If Stephanie Snow should be frigid,
If Margaret Grove should grow,
If "Porter" should find her "Ideal,"
If Florence Ringo should play basketball,
If Bee Morseman should get stung,
If Ethel Murray should get gay,
If Letty Collins should diminish,
If Alice Manley should never be absent,
If Margaret Pewtress should forget to giggle?



Some Pointers About College Clothes

College Clothes should be more than the name implies. One thinks of college clothes as garments reflecting a certain style in every fold and drape. That's right as far as it goes.

But college clothes should in addition to style have quality. And that's why "Hastings" Clothes for College Men should interest you. Quality clothes hold their shape; and style in such clothes has a chance to measure its worth through months and months of service.

"Hastings" Clothes are made in New York City, where we maintain a corps of expert designers who study style. As soon as fashion decrees what is to be the style of clothes worn in the American universities for that particular season, our designers produce garments depicting that style, and shortly afterwards the clothes are on sale in our store.

The Hastings Clothing Company

POST AND GRANT AVENUE

SAN FRANCISCO



Patronize Our Advertisers

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS OF OUR EX-COMMITTEE.

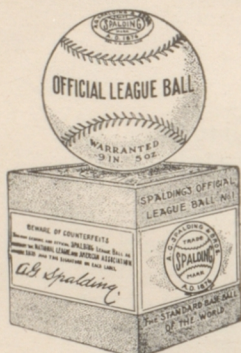
Ned—The question is just this, Dr. Thompson—
 Alice—Well, I don't see why we can't—
 Midge—Yes, that's just the thing.
 Mr. Westergard—That reminds me of the story of the eggs. Never heard it? Too bad.
 Kasse—Come to order; address the chair.
 Byard—I haven't the minutes with me.
 Mattie—How much money have we?
 Charlie—And another thing, we need some new—
 Marion—Never says anything. (She's never there.)

FASHIONABLE

Mr. Minium—Miss Meredith, why is it we wear dark clothes in winter and light clothes in summer?
 Shorty—Styles change.

SAFE NOW

Mr. Marshall—Well, inasmuch as Miss White has the mumps and Jones is here, I can speak my views about English.



The Spalding Official National League Ball

“The Ball Played Round the World”

THE ORIGINAL LEAGUE BALL
 THE UNIVERSALLY ADOPTED LEAGUE BALL
 THE BEST LEAGUE BALL

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The Spalding Official National League Ball was first adopted by the National League in 1878, and is the only ball that has been used in Championship League Games since that time.

In addition to the different American adoptions, the Spalding Official National League Ball has been made the official ball by the governing Baseball Associations of Mexico, Cuba, Canada, Australia, South Africa, Great Britain, Philippine Islands, Japan, and, in fact, wherever Baseball is played. The Spalding Official National League Ball has received this universal adoption because of its well established reputation for uniformity and high quality, but the special object of such adoptions, from the players' standpoint, is to secure absolute uniformity in a ball, that will prevent unfair “jockeying” with an unknown ball, and make National and International Baseball contests possible, and at the same time make the records of players of value, and uniform throughout the world, which can only be secured by standardizing one well-known ball.

**THE SPALDING OFFICIAL NATIONAL LEAGUE BALL
 THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD**

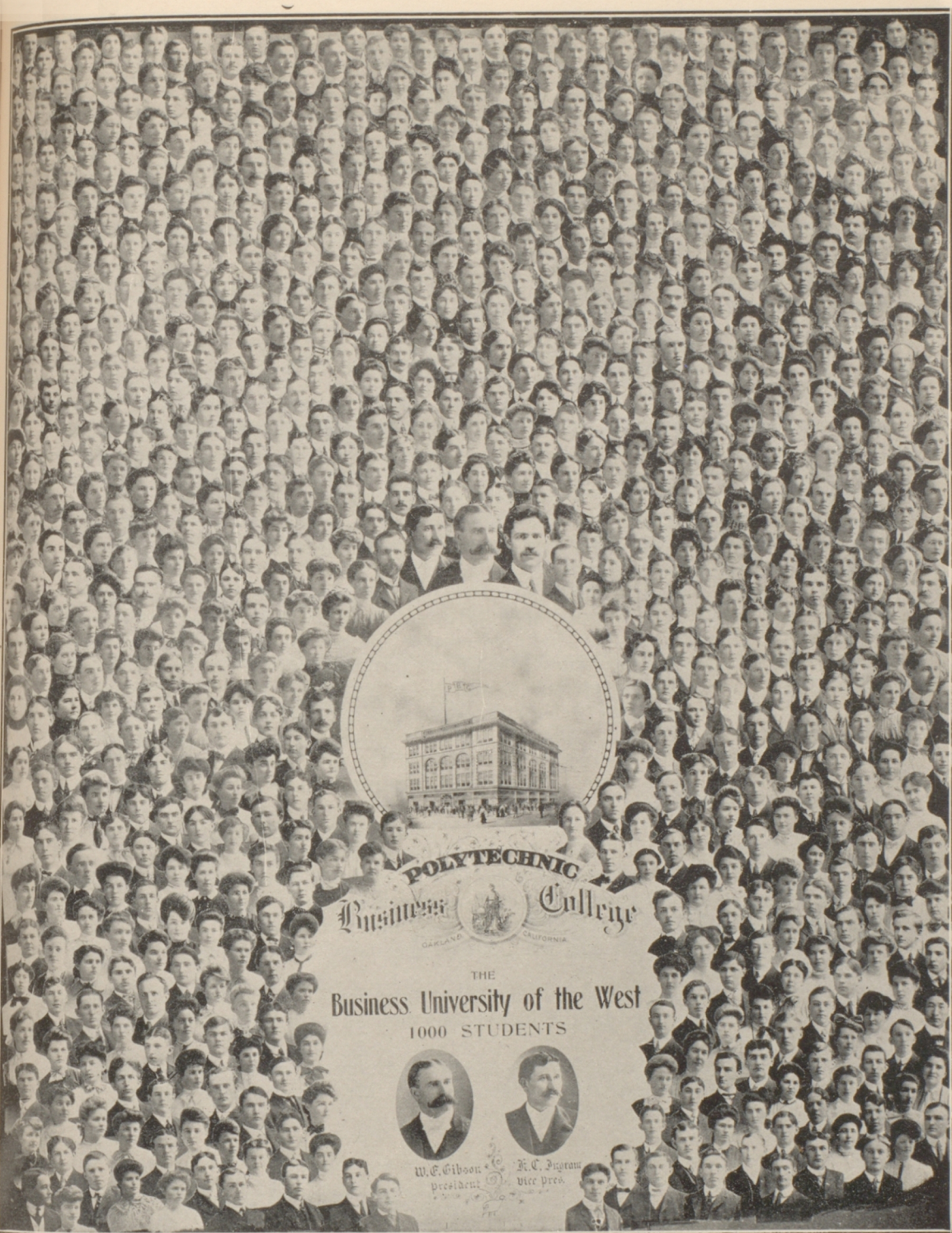
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THIS IS THE COLLEGE THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF ALAMEDA ATTEND

Sixty-three

Patronize Our Advertisers

School Days

"The dishes done, and the children safe at school."

How many a mother gives a sigh of relief when these important things are accomplished.

Notice the word "safe." Little she realizes the nerve-racking torture, the mental strain inflicted upon her little ones (?) Take for example a day in the life of this, the senior class of Alameda High School.

At 8:45 a bell rings, roll is taken, and the first period begins. It goes something like this.:

Mr. Minium—Mr. Abbott, when you held a compass above a wire through which a current of electricity was passing, how did the needle point?

Mr. Abbott—Out the door.

Mr. Minium—Mr. Hahn, what did you observe?

Mr. Hahn—When a compass needle is placed in close proximity to the magnetic field, caused by the passage of an electric current through a conductor, such as a section of copper wire, used in this experiment, the deflection of the compass needle was observed to be in due accordance with the right hand rule—to the right—no—I mean the north—no, it must have been—I guess it was east.

Mr. Minium—Well Margrave, how did the needle point?

Mr. Margrave—Nor' nor' east by north.

Mr. Minium—Well, Miss Porter, how was the needle deflected?

Miss Porter—I was absent.

Mr. Minium—Well, I don't know how many of you expect recommendations, but you are going to be disappointed. Tomorrow we will have the same lesson as today, up to and including the problems at the end of the chapter, and take in advance the next three chapters with the problems written out. Also read up at least three outside references, and be prepared on the next experiment, and don't forget to hand in the last one—etc.

Going upstairs we cram diligently on our English lesson. Results follow:

Miss White—Miss Troy, give the metre of the first stanza of today's lesson.

Miss Troy—The first line is hexameter because it has six feet, the next taximeter because it has five.

Miss White—What form of verse is this and why, Miss Figg.

Miss Figg—Why—a taxicab hasn't any feet—its blank verse—.

Grim silence while papers were distributed, and we were told to write down the answers. Then they were collected and recitation (?) resumed.

Miss White—Mr. Geldermann, what is an abstract noun?

Mr. Geldermann—An abstract noun is the name of something that doesn't exist, such as goodness—

Then the bell jingled, and, "saved by the gong," we filed out for a brief respite during recess, used by the industrious ones as a study period.

Next came history:

Mr. Westergard—No talking!—Silence!—Come to order, Miss Meredith! Turn around, Mr. Kassebaum. Close books. Mr. Sharp, Mr. Abbott, Miss Snow, I assigned you a report for today.

Chorus—She's absent.

Mr. Westergard—Miss Foveaux, let us hear yours.

Chorus—She's absent.

Mr. Westergard—Well, there's one more, Miss Porter, have you yours?

Miss Porter begins, and the class settles for a comfortable tete-a-tete with their neighbors.

Mr. Westergard, interrupting—Mr. Angelo, do you agree with Miss Porter's ideas here?

Mr. Angelo—Well, there is one thing with regard to habeas corpus—now I think—

Mr. Westergard—What was the habeas corpus, Mr. Angelo?

Mr. Angelo—I don't know.

Phone Alameda 8

P. L. CORTELYOU

(Formerly of the California Market, San Francisco)
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1408 PARK STREET

Mr. Westergard—Well, Mr. Thomas?

Mr. Thomas—Habeas corpus originated at the time of the London plague.
It's what people used to say to the undertakers. It means, you may have the body.

Mr. Westergard—(After short, concise little talk on our chances of graduation.) Miss Grove, who was William the Conqueror?

Miss Grove—He discovered America in 1776.

And so it goes on—but need I continue?

CANDY?

stop at

ROTGER'S

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way home

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Just where we were before the fire

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Putzman-Hoffman

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Phone Alameda 444 Phone Alameda 999

Baseball and Tennis Supplies. Pierce, Columbia and Tribune Bicycles
College Posters and Pennants. Repairing and Enameling

Charlie, Lex and Rudy were in the room together.
Miss Hewitt—My! how baummy it is in here!

AT THE COLLEGE INN

In S. B. History—Miss Porter had finished a long report on the cotton gin.
Hak.—Gee! that's dry! Say By, how would you like a drink of cotton gin?

There was a young lady named Troy,
She was so exceedingly sweet
That ne'er has there yet been a boy
But threw his heart at her feet.

Irene is the young lady's name,
And great has become her just fame,
For great is her speed with her gum,
And Algebra! Well, she goes some.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR

The A. Vander Naillen School of Practical Engineering

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UNDER EIGHTEEN.

Mr. Minium—In deep mines, where there are dangerous gases, miners often smoke pipes, but in Alameda, minors seem to be partial to Durham.

Mr. W.—Discussing financial problems. How much more than par would these bonds be worth?

Beckett, to Dorothy—What's (your) par worth?

BE CAREFUL

Ethel Porter—Speaking of roster—Some might be dead that we don't know about and if we leave them out *they would feel* hurt.

QUITE SO.

Mr. Jones—I find you people have a lack of consecration.

SMITH'S

1410 ENCINAL AVENUE

Telephone 1656

STATIONERY
CANDIES

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Sixty-seven

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Gentlemen's Work a Specialty

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Profumo & Simpson

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Alameda Savings Bank

Receives Deposits of \$1.00 and Upwards

Deposits, \$1,800,000

Accounts, 10,629

Johnny Siegfried—In Trig.—Getting badly twisted—The wrong right angle I wrote down is not the right right angle I mean't to write, but it would be all right if I write this right angle after it.

Pure Drugs

Pure Drugs

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Foreign Stamps, Candies

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O. F. Westphal

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

1405 PARK STREET

ALAMEDA, CAL.

Mr. Marshall—In English History—What is the cry that they greet a new king with in England?

Johnny Mallon—Hail! Hail! The chief has come.

Mr Marshall said that Spain had internal troubles and wished to know the cause.

Mallon suggested—Green apples.

Vanishing Peroxide

CREAM

A MILD SKIN BLEACH AND A
DELIGHTFUL TOILET REQUISITE

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2135 Central Avenue Alameda 591, Alameda 1038

BRIGHT BOY.

Miss Haworth—Do you see any reason for calling this the se-cant?
Ken Abbott—Nope—can't see.

Mr. Westergard—If you never read it, read it over again.

J. Aiton & Co.

Phone Alameda 483

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Wire Goods of All Kinds

Highest Grade of Enameled Ware

Phone Alameda 560

THIS IS NOT AN AD.

In English History:

Mr. Marshall—Byard, name the French kings at this time.

Sharp—Stalling—Well, there was Louis XII and Louis XIII, St. Louis,
and Louis Sheeline.

Mrs. E. C. Adams

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Seventy-two



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Phone Alameda 1676

TRY IT

Mr. Minium—Miss Kenny, what is the principal use of carbon monoxide?
Margaret—Why it's used mostly to commit suicide.

Notice! Stephanie wrote the "Horace"-scope.

"TIE A STRING AROUND YOUR FINGER"

That will remind you (before starting on your vacation) that you will need a nice box of Eaton, Crane & Pike's Celebrated Writing Papers, a Pack of Nicely Engraved Visiting Cards, or one of the Late Books. We have a large stock to select from at popular prices. Come and be convinced.

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Meats, Fish, Poultry, Game, Oysters and Delicatessen

2317-19 SANTA CLARA AVENUE

AT PARK STREET

Hearts were trumps. They were losing trick after trick.
"Why don't you trump in?" she said.
"I haven't the heart to do it," he replied.



I'M THERE LIKE A DUCK IN THE LAKE

Cool, Clean, Comfortable, and Happy.
We certainly can make a boy feel right
in this place. For those spring and
summer days let me suggest a Soft
Golf Shirt, a Stock and a pair of our
Summer Outing Trousers at \$2.50.

WILLIE, with

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RHODES-JAMIESON & CO.

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Telephone Alameda 440

TARDY

Miss Vollmar—You're late, young man; what's your name and class teacher?
"Young Man"—With dignity—My name is Jones, and I'm the Oral English
Teacher.

RING THE TOWEL

Mr. Westergard—(punching bell)—I want attention, and I don't want to
ring twice for it.
Sharp—No, two rings means ice water.

FINE CHOCOLATES and BON BONS

Ice Cream and Ice Cream Soda

Nylander's

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Alameda 566

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Alameda, Cal.

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College Tailor

Masonic Temple Building

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Phone Alameda 1901

BEWARE FRESHIES!

"Little boy
Cigarettes;
Little grave
Violets."

N. B.—The above is dedicated to Freshmen desiring to join the select and exclusive "Hophead Union," which was inaugurated last term among the upper classmen.

Central Grocery

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Seventy-six

Dentomore

A DELIGHTFUL PREPARATION FOR THE TEETH
ANTISEPTIC, CLEANSING

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Corner Central Avenue

R. POSTEL

Dealer in WINES, LIQUORS, TONICS, MALT LIQUORS
Mineral Waters, Etc.

COR. PARK ST. AND ALAMEDA AVE.

Phone Alameda 475

In S. B. History—Mr. Westergard called on Alice. She didn't know, and the whole class frantically whispered the answer.

Mr. Westergard—Well, how many tellers are there in this class?

A. O. Gott

MANUFACTURING JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

We can furnish designs and make any kind of a PIN you may desire

QUALITY considered, our PRICES will be the LOWEST

Phone Alameda 606

1363 PARK STREET

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Bread, Pies, Cakes and Confectionery, Special Fancy Mixed Cakes
Weddings and Parties Supplied on Short Notice

Orders Taken and Delivered Free of Charge

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Incorporated

THE BEST GOODS AND BEST SERVICE

Phone Alameda 498

CHESTNUT STATION

"THE MODEL"

A CLOTHES SHOP

"THAT'S ALL"

Gelderman—That guy Dinsdale plays ball like an Ancient Mariner.

Mackie—How's that?

Gelderman—Why, don't you remember—

"It was an Ancient Mariner,
He stoppeth one of three."

BURT & PACKARD KORRECT SHAPE SHOES

Every Pair Guaranteed

SOLD ONLY BY

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Official Photographer for the Army and Navy, the University of California

TOMMY WAS RIGHT

The period had run over a few minutes. "Tommy" Thomas, hearing a noise, exclaimed, "There's the belle now."

Just then Marion Troy came in.

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AND ENGRAVING

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ALAMEDA

A. Wolff

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Specialty — Try Our Frozen Puddings

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The Alameda High School students should have in mind the proper care of their eyes. The positive help from glasses is not only to improve the vision but relieve headache, eye strain, pain in and around the eyes and the back of the neck.

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NEVER
ADVISE

GLASSES

EXCEPT
WHEN
NECESSARY

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12,410

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